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## The Classic Confrontations

Gus Johnson elbows New York's Dave DeBusschere



# Who builds a family car a man could buy on looks alone?

**1972 DODGE CHARGER.**
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# Dodge. Depend on it.

Dodge


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What's News—

• • •

*Business and Finance*

**SOCIAL SECURITY TAXES** would be raised again under legislation tentatively approved by the House Ways and Means Committee. Only a month after the latest boost cleared Congress, the panel agreed to increase the tax on employers and employees to 5.4% from 5.2% next January and to boost the wage base on which the taxes are paid to $10,600 from the current $7,800.

(Story on Page 11)

• • •

**Consumer price rises** showed a continued moderating trend in March, increasing at a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 2.4%. This put the first quarter rise at a 2.7% annual rate, the slowest pace for any quarter since the first period of 1967. The Nixon administration welcomed the news, but a drop in durable-goods ordering underscored hopes for a sharp economic upswing. The March orders fell 2.2% to an adjusted $31.18 billion, for the first decline since last October.

(Story on Page 2)

• • •

**Banks' prime rate** is coming under increasing upward pressure after an extended downtrend. The push is coming from increases in short-term rates in the money market, especially on negotiable certificates of deposit banks sell to raise funds. Further CD boosts ranging to ¾ percentage point were posted yesterday. Treasury bill yields also showed further gains.

(Story on Page 11)

• • •

**F. I. duPont** will receive $5 million of capital from a group of other Big Board member firms when it incorporates this month. The financing, given special clearance by the exchange, will be in addition to the $30 million investment planned by a group headed by Texas businessman H. Ross Perot. Sources said the Perot group pushed for the $5 million as back up capital.

(Story on Page 11)

• • •

**Mobil Oil** reported a 12.5% increase in first quarter profit and Shell Oil a 7.3% gain, but Standard of Ohio posted a 15.9% decline. Indications so far are that oil producers generally had improved earnings in the quarter, in contrast to a preponderance of declines in the 1970 first quarter.

(Story on Page 8)

• • •

**Goodyear's earnings** eased 0.3% in the first quarter, but Uniroyal reported an 83% [illegible]

*World Wide*

**AN INTEGRATION TIMETABLE** for the North was rejected by the Senate, 54-35.

The proposal by Sen. Ribicoff (D., Conn.) would have required all schools in any metropolitan area to enroll a fixed percentage of minority group students within 12 years or lose federal aid. Ribicoff said the plan would eliminate the neighborhood pattern of segregation in the North as the courts had outlawed dual school systems of the South. And he said [illegible] Northern liberal colleagues don't have [illegible] guts to face their constituents in the suburbs.

*The Senate action followed by a day a Supreme Court decision that Southern schools could be forced to bus children to [illegible] greymander school districts or pair districts that were contiguous.*

• • •

**A FOREIGN-AID OVERHAUL** was sought by Nixon, he asked for increased ask limits.

The President submitted to Congress [illegible] new bills—for international security assistance and for economic development and humanitarian aid—to replace the one package legislation of prior years. International security would keep together military and credit sales of weapons, and economic aid to countries [illegible] whose defense is deemed important to the U.S. Under economic aid, Nixon would establish the Agency for International Development and substitute three new agencies dealing with loans, technical assistance and private investment.

*In presenting his $3.1 billion request, a spokesman for the General Accounting Office said Nixon told the reforms would not do the number of foreign aid employees.*

• • •

**DOCTORS WHO ABORT** pregnancies can be prosecuted, the Supreme Court held.

In its first ruling on an abortion law, the high court dismissed claims that the District of Columbia's abortion law was so vaguely written it couldn't be understood by doctors. The decision allowed prosecution of doctors for performing abortions. But the Justices also held that abortions to protect the expectant mother's mental health are legal and that the prosecution must prove that the abortion was not for therapeutic reasons. The latter two points could give physicians in the nation's capital considerable leeway in performing abortions.

*Still unsettled is whether women have an individual private right to obtain an abortion simply because they desire to end their pregnancy. This issue is pending before the court in several cases.*

• • •

**Cambodian Premier Lon Nol** was asked to stay on as premier and to form a new cabinet. Lon Nol resigned Tuesday citing poor health, but his younger brother, Lt. Col. Lon Non, says the premier resigned merely to clean house and intends to form a new government. Cheng Heng, the chief of state, asked Lon Nol to reassume his duties because of the grave events through which our country is passing.

• • •

[illegible] with Saigon

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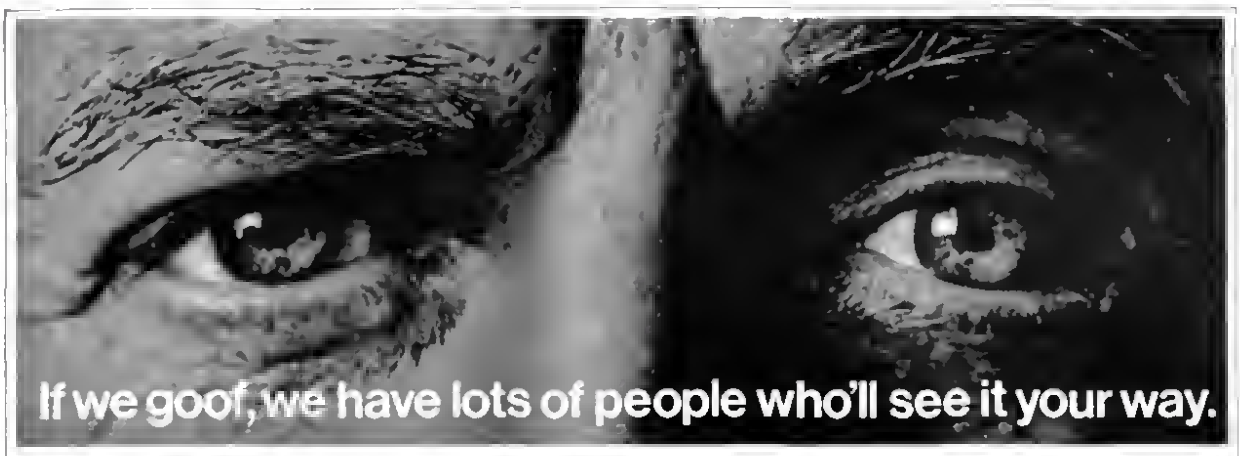
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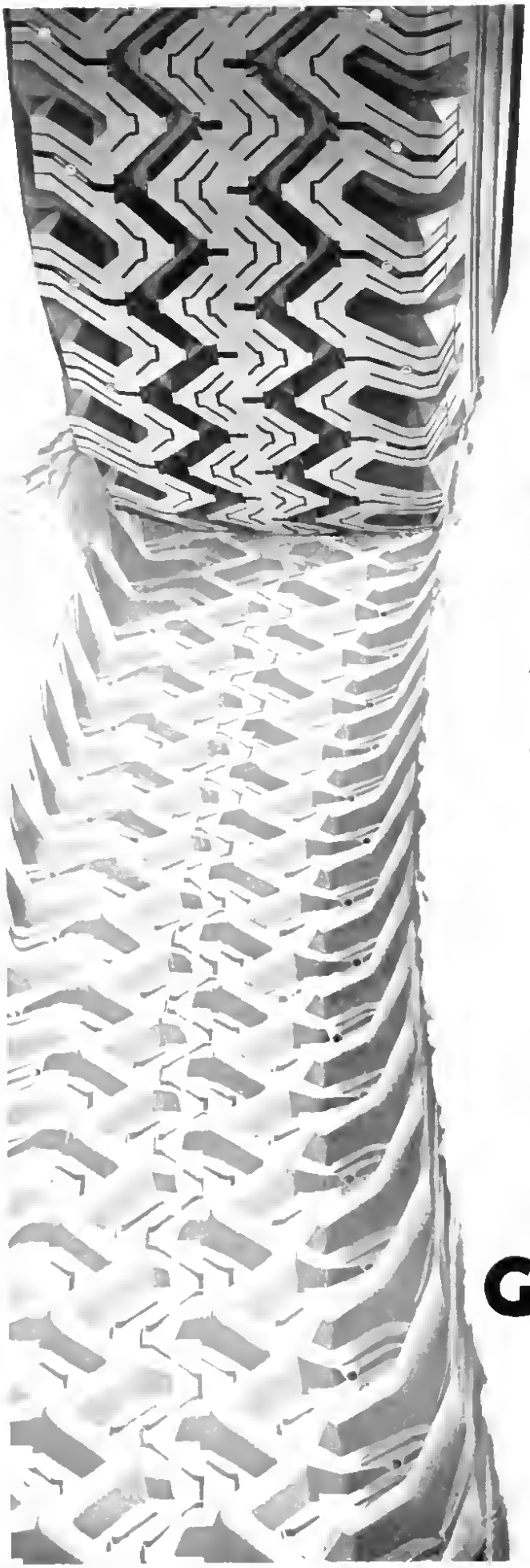
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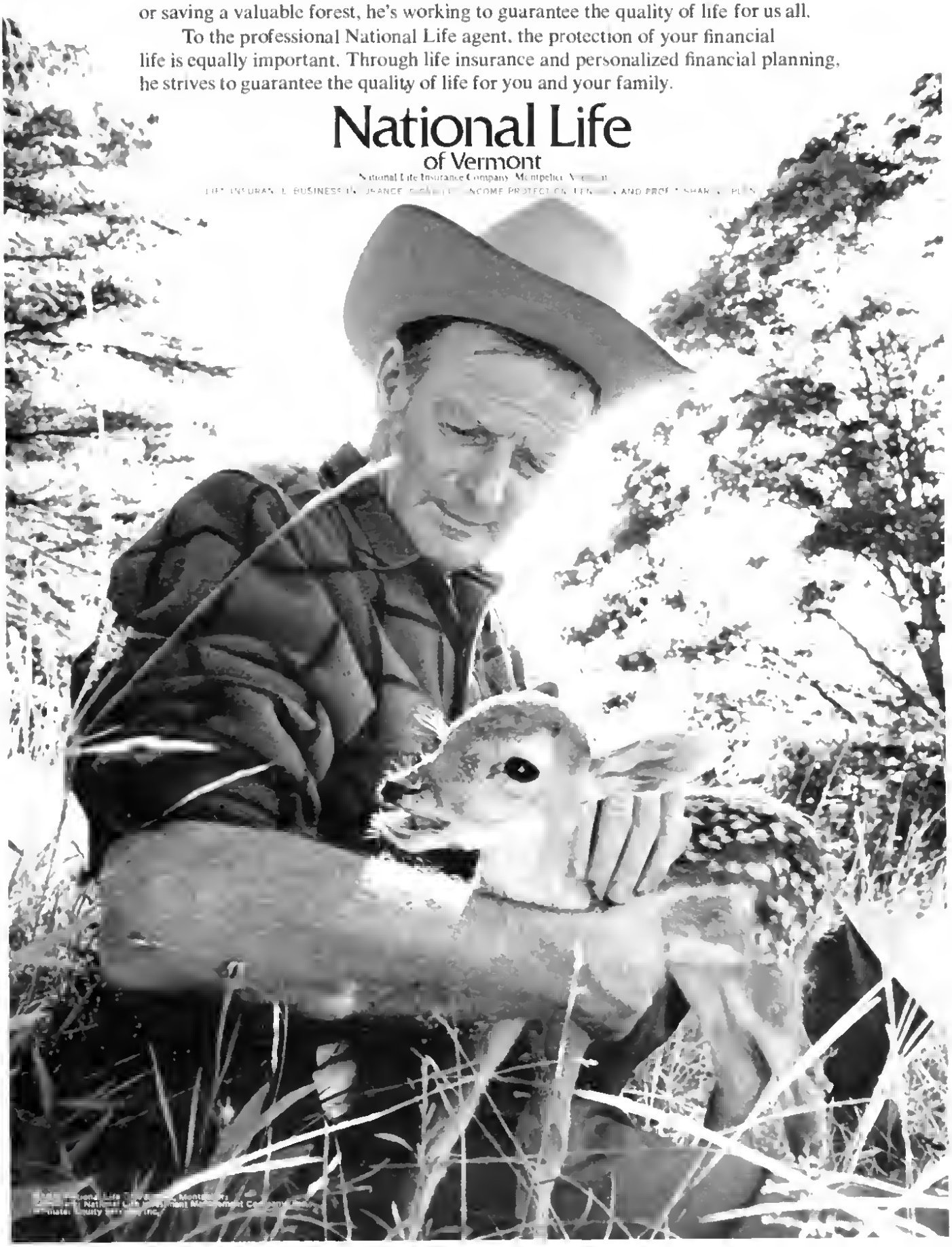
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*Cover photograph by James Drake*

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## Next week

***A STAMPEDE*** of startling backs is making the season miserable for college football defenses. Dan Jenkins describes the best and tells which ones are likely to become top pros.

***THE SCENIC ROUTE*** is what cross-country runners take each autumn across America, and though the way is long—and often steep—there are compensating esthetic rewards.

***AGE HASN'T WITHERED*** the Cleveland Browns. Led by a sturdy coach and a fragile quarterback, they are the surprise of the American Conference. Tex Maule reports.

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"Mouse oracle" used by Baule diviners


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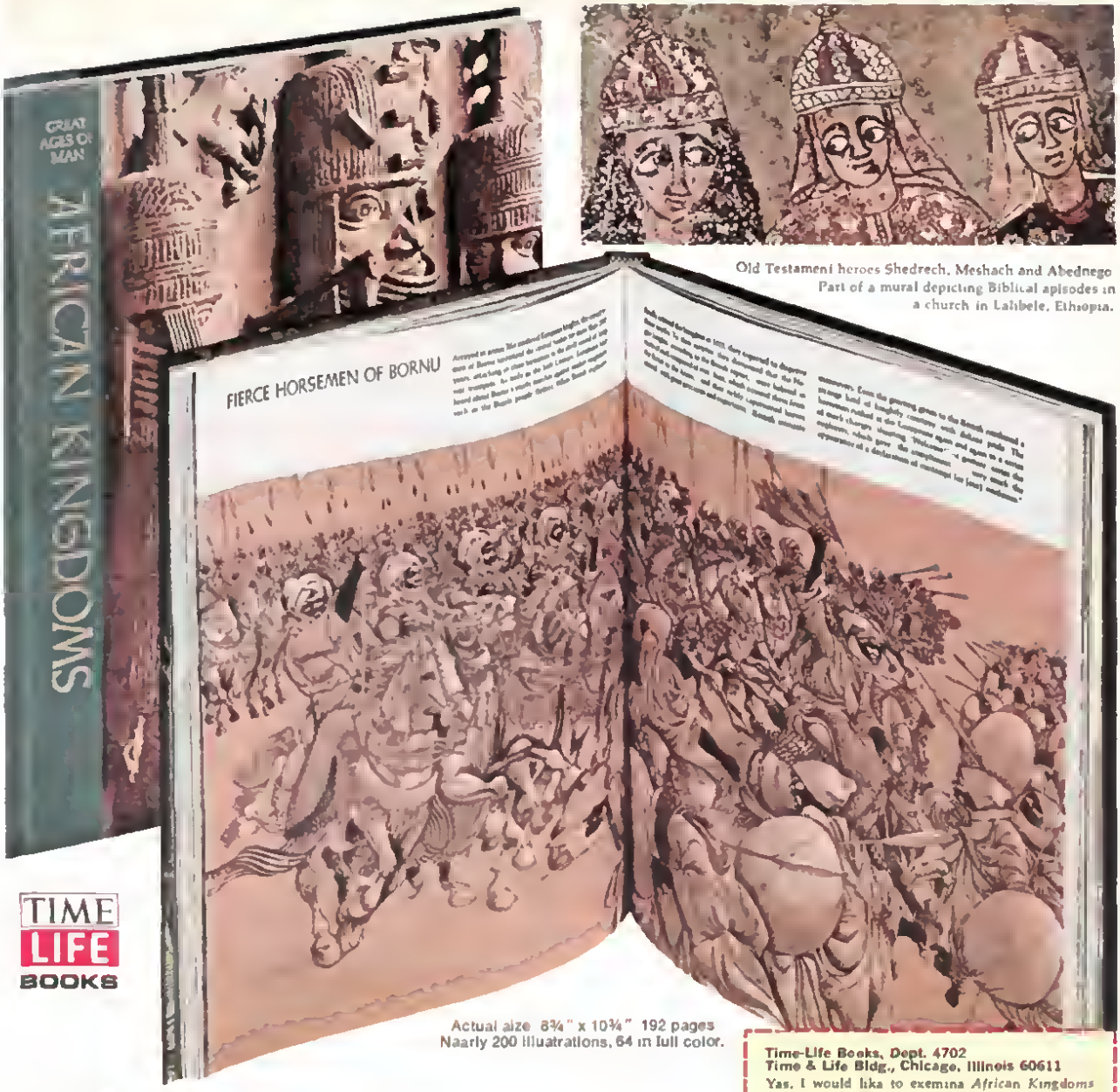
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# BOOKTALK

**Peripheral vision is a useful quality for authors of pro football books, too**

Larry Merchant has written a very funny book about pro football called . . . *And Every Day You Take Another Bite* (Doubleday, $6.95). A sport whose fans have to put up with Howard Cosell on every given Monday needs all the humor it can get.

It is not easy to see the humor in football, but then most people do not see football the way Merchant does. A few years ago Merchant, who does a sports column for the *New York Post*, invited a group of us to his apartment to watch the NFL and AFL title games on adjoining TV sets—one black and white, one color. I cannot recall who was playing, but then I'm not sure I ever knew. On the black-and-white set, even the ghosts had ghosts; that afternoon the 15-9 defense was born. The color set was a blizzard of chartreuse and magenta—out-of-focus chartreuse and magenta. The lack of reception did not seem to bother Merchant or the other guests, who whiled away the afternoon making wisecracks. Vic Ziegel, a colleague of Merchant's on the *Post*, got off the best. Speaking of a certain wide receiver, Ziegel said he had such great peripheral vision he could see his own ears.

Another contributing factor to Merchant's singular view of football can be traced to his career at Oklahoma, where he was on the same team as Darrell Royal, Dee Andros, Wade Walker and Jim Owens (who once fell on him, separating his shoulder). "I was a fourth-string halfback," admits Merchant. "But there were only four strings," he adds proudly. "The second happiest day of my life was when Bud Wilkinson called me into his office after I had a good scrimmage and told me, 'You're going to play a lot of football for Oklahoma.'" Wilkinson was wrong; Merchant never played *any* football for Oklahoma. But he sat on the bench when the Sooners beat LSU 35-0 in the Sugar Bowl and, on the train back to Norman, he got into a discussion about *Moby Dick* with Wilkinson, who has a master's in English. "He told me to read it for the story," Larry recalls.

. . . *And Every Day You Take Another Bite* (which is some mouthful) has no story. Merchant wrote it to become famous and "to expose the oversell and baloney that gets in the way of people seeing the game for what it is." Among the pieces of baloney Merchant slices are "momentum," "intangibles" and the notion that football builds men. On the latter, he quotes Bobby Dodd, the old Georgia Tech coach: "You give me a good boy, and I'll give you a good boy back." Adds Merchant, "I had plenty of character. All I wanted from football was to *play*. Why? Because it's fun." Read . . . *AEDYTAB* and see why.

—GILBERT ROGIN






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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

**PROBLEM FOR PETE**

Surprisingly little attention has been paid to the action taken last week by the New York State Racing Commission, which suspended three men for 30 days and moved to revoke the license of another for the part they played in the undercover ownership of racehorses—including the crack 3-year-old, Jim French—by a hoodlum the FBI says is associated with the Genovese crime family. Two of the suspended men are Johnny Campo (SI, May 3) and George Poole, both outstanding trainers; the one who may be set down permanently is Frank Caldwell, ostensibly the principal owner of Jim French when the colt ran in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont.

The fourth man—and here is the rub—is Ralph Wilson, a millionaire breeder and owner of horses whose interests outside racing include ownership of the Buffalo Bills of the National Football League. Wilson protested the action of the Racing Commission, saying the charges against him "involve nothing more than a technicality. I strongly resent any implication by the commission that I knowingly participated in anything of a devious nature. . . ."

The commission charged that Wilson in eight instances "violated or attempted to violate or assisted in the violation" of its rules. It said he sold racehorses—including Jim French—to Ralph R. Libutti, also known as Robert Presti and Nicholas Spadea, who was not a licensed owner and who had been barred from tracks in New York State since 1968. Libutti, whose arrest record goes back to 1954 (conspiracy to rob, bookmaking, car theft and burglary), was arrested last Friday by the FBI on a 1969 forgery charge. The commission said Wilson issued bills of sale for the horses to other people, even though Libutti was the actual purchaser; Libutti's illicit ownership of the horses was thus concealed.

The 30-day suspension was, as racing people admitted, a slap on the wrist. Its importance to Wilson was how it would sit with Commissioner Pete Rozelle of the NFL. Alex Karras and Joe Namath came under severe pressure from Rozelle for associating with people the football commissioner deemed unsavory. How savory is Ralph Libutti?

**NAME OF A NAME**

There is a town in Illinois named Polo whose high school football team is nicknamed the Marcos. It could be worse. They could be called the Ponies.

**OF A NAME**

The University of Miami has a 6' 4", 220-pound tackle called Golden Ruel. "It's not such a bad name," says Ruel, whose father, a former FBI agent, is Golden Sr. "He could have called me Slide."

**ADIOS**

For eight years Formula I drivers went to Mexico City in the fall for the last race of the Grand Prix circuit. This year's event was canceled, and indications are it may never be renewed as a Grand Prix championship race. The Mexican auto racing association says the reason for the cancellation was the death of Pedro Rodriguez, Mexico's foremost driver, who was killed in West Germany in July. However, the race had lost its Grand Prix status earlier because of the drivers' disenchantment with racing conditions last year. Crowds broke down the high-wire fence and sat on the very edge of the asphalt speedway. The worried drivers were continually aware of sunbathers, chess players, mothers suckling infants, couples necking, all within a few feet of the cars zooming by.

Jackie Stewart refused at first to race unless the public was herded behind the fence. A worried official said that messing with the spectators would not work —many had stayed up all night for the spots they had—and that the race better start. If it did not, Stewart was advised, the crowd was likely to express its disappointment on cars, drivers and officials. So the 1970 race was run but, despite promises that there would be better crowd control in the future, the drivers wanted no more of the Mexican Grand Prix.

One unhappy Mexican said, "For seven years, the spectators behaved. On the eighth, not understanding the danger, they tried for a closer view of the race. For that one mistake, we are out." Another added, "If Pedro were alive, we might have a chance to save the race. Now it is too late."

**TURNABOUT**

An 81-year-old British lady named Mrs. Lily Parry teed off at the 95-yard 8th hole of the Pontypridd Golf Course in Wales. Her tee shot went straight, bounced a couple of times, ran up to the cup and dropped for a hole in one. Mrs. Parry's heart sank. Her companions were whooping it up, declaring that she must be the oldest woman ever to make



an ace, but Mrs. Parry had made holes in one twice before and, a widow for 10 years, all she could think of was how much it was going to cost her to stand drinks back in the clubhouse.

Isn't it about time to stop the barbarous habit of having the golfer who shot the hole in one treat the crowd? Surely, this is one of the least admirable of defeated man's ploys to get even. Golfers will point out that anyone who fears a hole in one coming on can take out insurance, either formally or through a

*continued*

cooperative program in the club. But that only begs the question. Why shouldn't the insurance be the other way around? Members should be obliged to toast the hole-in-oner and buy him drinks. Maybe even dinner. Maybe for him and his wife and his children and a couple of maiden aunts, if he has any. Make it an occasion for him to remember with pleasure, not dread. After all, for one hole he—or she—*was* a perfcet golfer.

#### AND FAREWELL

Things do come to an end, don't they? In Sydney, Australia, a two-column advertisement read: "For sale. Twelve-meter yachts, Vim, Gretel I and Gretel II." The ad went on to explain that the proposed sale of the yachting stable that had challenged twice for the America's Cup was the result of a decision not to try again in 1974. Yachtsman Sir Frank Packer explained: "I feel the economic and financial climate, not only in Australia but throughout the world, makes the commitment too onerous to enter into."

The ad was quite practical: "Each has an outfit of sail, gear and spare parts. Vim and Gretel I are afloat . . . in Sydney Harbour. Gretel II is stored ashore at Newport, Rhode Island. Please direct inquiries to Australian America's Cup Challenge Association, Box 4088 GPO, Sydney, NSW 2001." No prices were given.

#### TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Jerry Seltzer of the Roller Derby made a short speceh a few weeks back as that bizarre sport neared the end of its season. In light of the admonition voiced so often last Sunday during the seventh game of the World Series, Seltzer's talk was refreshing: "On Saturday of this week [he said] there will be no tomorrow for the 1971 International Roller Derby League Season. That is to say, on Friday of this week there will be a tomorrow for four teams, but that tomorrow will only be Saturday, which will be the last tomorrow for the two teams that survive the day before, which, as you rceall, will be the next to the last tomorrow. This is true, of course, in any sudden-death Roller Derby World Series as compared to that other World Series, in which there can be as many as four no tomorrows for a team that has lost the first three games. . . ."

In Roller Derby, Seltzer went on, no one worries "about playing them one at a time or putting on the skates one foot at a time or having it rain on both sides of the field while the wind is blowing only toward the north goalpost. We like to get tomorrow's work done today in the belief that game plans are only effective when you bump and run, rush the net and move the runner along. In conclusion, I'd like to point out that there's plenty of parking available."

Accompanying the printed text of the talk was a "Statistics of Address," which went, in part:

| | |
|---|---|
| Compound sentences | 5 |
| Paragraphs | 6 |
| Literary references | 1 |
| Times interrupted for applause | 8 |
| Pauses for laughter | 26 |
| Drink orders during address | 21 |
| Wild acclaim | 0 |
| Tomorrows | 12 |
| No tomorrows | None |
| Parking | Plenty |

#### LAST OF THE SPECIES

Harmon Killebrew and Frank Robinson drew little more than local attention when they breezed past the 500 mark in career home runs this season. Even though only 11 men have reached 500, seven got there during the past six years and it seems almost commonplace.

But now it is beginning to look as though Killebrew and Robinson may be the last to reach 500. The new, bigger ball parks and fast artificial turf are changing hitting styles from long ball to line drives, and the era of the home-run specialist could be over. Next on the list among active players is Willie McCovey with 370 homers, but Willie, going on 34, is almost crippled with injury and was able to hit only 18 this year. Six others are between 300 and 366, but only one, Norman Cash, was able to hit 30 home runs this year, and Cash will be 37 in November. Ron Santo, youngest of the group at 31, would have to average 30 homers a season for six years to approach 500, Santo had only 21 this season.

Young lions like Johnny Bench and Reggie Jackson could do it—if they add another dozen high-homer seasons to what they have done already. But Frank Robinson wonders if they will stay in baseball that long. "Young players don't think about putting in 16 seasons like I have," he says. "They don't have to. They are much better paid than we older players were at the same age. They have investments, they take care of their money, and they have good jobs and business opportunities waiting outside the game. They don't have to play as long."

#### NEW ENGLAND STYLE

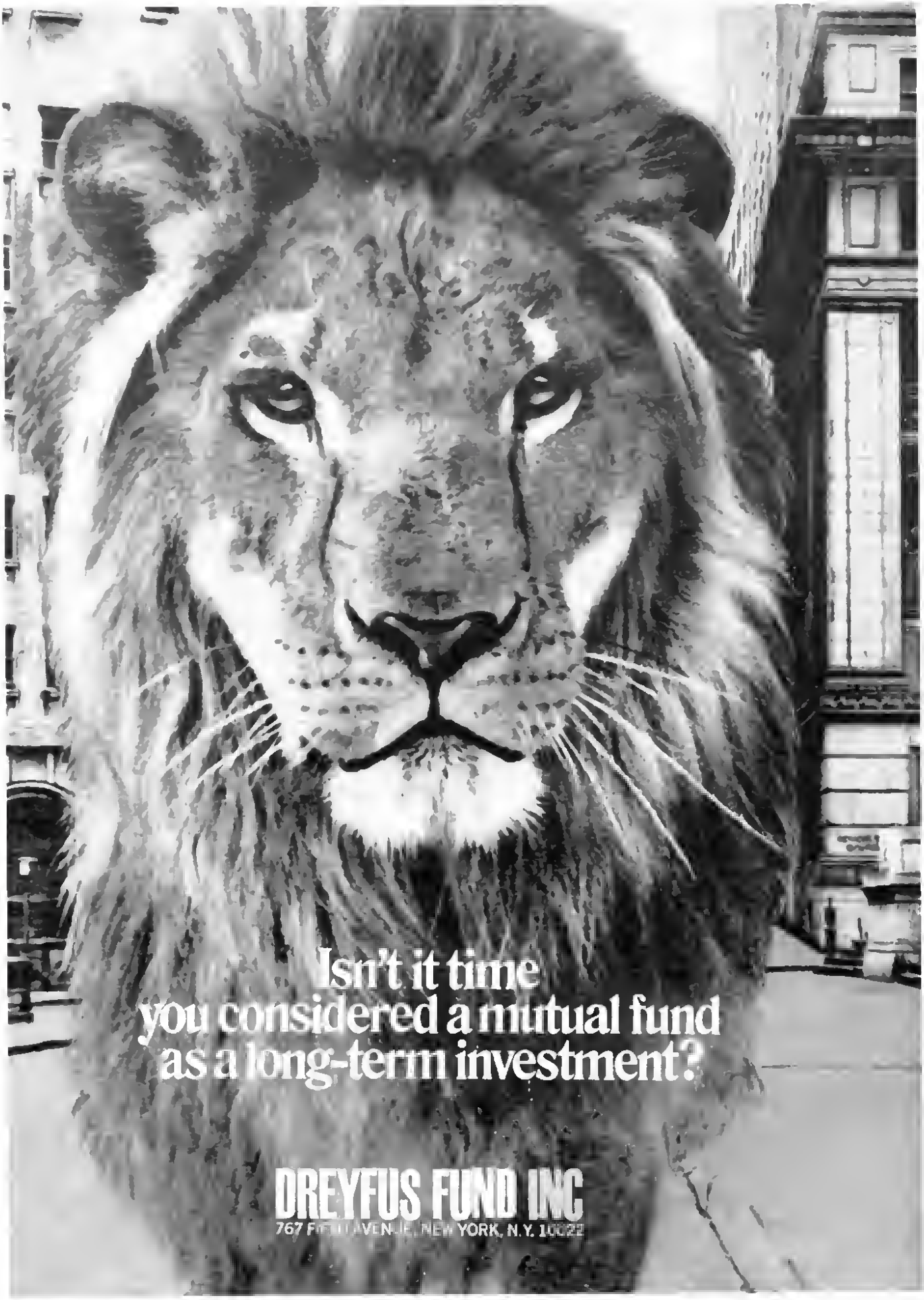
A football game between Rhode Island and Vermont is not the same as Nebraska vs. Oklahoma, but a sequence of plays in this year's battle between those two New England titans is not likely to be repeated at any level of college football. Behind 20–16 in the fourth quarter, Vermont had a first down on Rhode Island's nine-yard line. It gained five on first down, lost five on second down, threw an incomplete pass on third down. A fourth-down pass was incomplete in the end zone, but Rhode Island was charged with interference, and Vermont had an automatic first down on the one. It lost a yard, gained a yard, threw another pass. Again, pass interference was called and again Vermont had an automatic first down on the one. Abandoning its risky, if rewarding, passing game, Vermont stayed on the ground for four straight plays. It gained 2½ feet on the first one, was stopped for no gain twice and, on last down, ground to a stop just short of the goal line.

Rhode Island took over, with the ball literally on the one-inch line, and was offside on its first play. Penalty: half the distance to the goal, or to the half-inch line. A penalty moved the ball out to the five, and from there Rhode Island began to move, culminating its drive nine plays later with a 15-yard run for a touchdown.

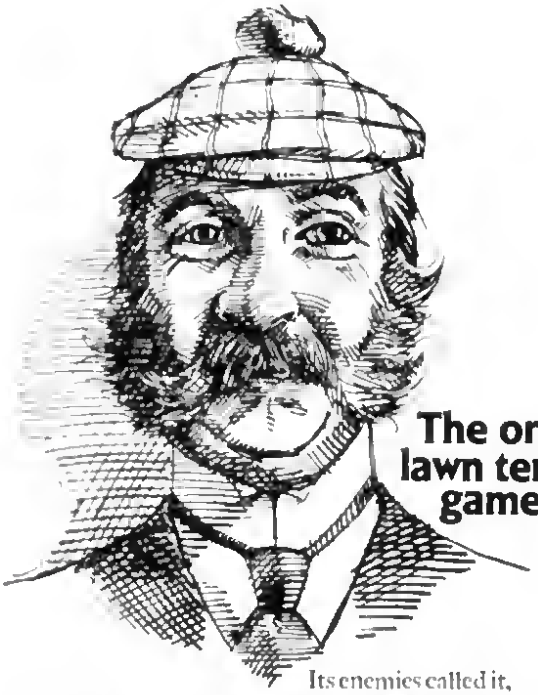
Summing up, Rhode Island held Vermont for 11 plays inside the 10 and then marched 99 yards, two feet and 11½ inches to score. Top that, Cornhuskers.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Jim Helms, Texas assistant coach, on Arkansas Quarterback Joe Ferguson: "With him in there, third and long to Arkansas is like first and 10 to everyone else."
- Charlie Fox, San Francisco Giant manager, on Willie Mays' eating habits: "In 20 years Willie Mays has gained a pound and a half. He is one of those athletes who knows how to take care of himself. You spread a buffet for the team after a game, and the young players will gobble everything in sight. Willie will take one stick of gum." **END**


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# Tennis originals.



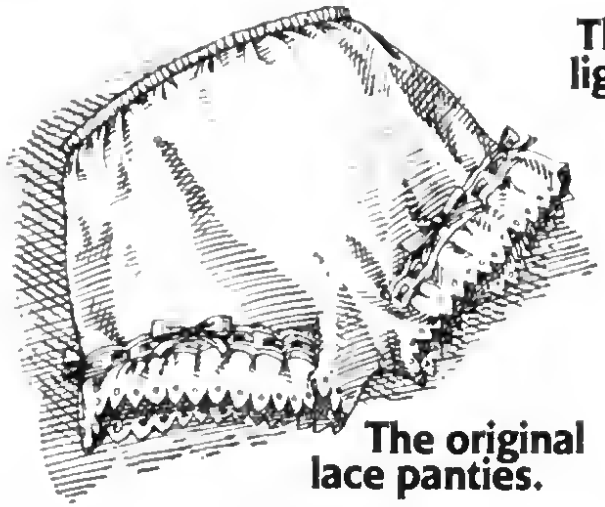
## The original lawn tennis game.

Its enemies called it, "Sticky." Its founder, Major Walter Wingfield, called it, "Sphairistike." Later to be known as lawn tennis, the first game was played in February 1874 in England on an hourglass shaped court with droopy nets.



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First forged in the early 1930's by the Dayton Steel Co., this unwieldy war club was perfectly suited for the now famous cannonball service. Unfortunately, however, it had two faults. Its steel strings devoured the balls. And its steel frame made a rather smashing lightning rod.



## The original lace panties.

Perhaps the most colorful moment in lawn tennis history happened at Wimbledon, England in 1949, when Miss Gertrude "Gussy" Moran astonished the crowd by unveiling the first lace panties. Another small step forward for womankind.




## The original light Scotch.

Usher's Green Stripe. Long a favorite of tennis fanciers, Usher's may very well have been on hand when Major Wingfield vied for that very first match point. For you see, Andrew Usher had already perfected this superbly light original some 21 years before. Since 1853, advantage, Usher's.

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# SOME KIND OF A COMEBACK

*Roberto Clemente and a no-name crew of pitchers Pirated away a World Series that mighty Baltimore had all but banked* **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



The 1971 World Series had been over for 10 minutes, and Steve Blass stood atop Manager Danny Murtaugh's desk in the visitors' clubhouse at Memorial Stadium in Baltimore, exuberant over the 2–1 seventh-game victory he had just pitched against the Orioles. Blass was asked if he had received one of those phone calls, so fashionable these days, from someone holding high political office. "I certainly did," Blass replied. "It was from the First Selectman of Falls Village, Conn. He congratulated me and I told him I was darn proud to be a part of the Pittsburgh no-name pitching staff."

Eight days before, the Pirates had entered the Series about as underdog as a team can get. After three more days they were down by two games, and obviously the odds had been too short, if anything. But now they were the World Champions. In a wild turnabout, they won four of the last five games and the gritty, hustling Pirates became the third Pittsburgh team in 47 years to win a World Series. They had produced a hero of major proportions in Roberto Clemente, who got 12 hits, including two home runs, a triple and two doubles, and fielded another just as impressive in Blass, the perfect pitcher to face Baltimore in the two games the Pirates had to win.

With two outs in the eighth inning of the final game and the Pirates holding a 2–1 lead, Blass was in serious trouble. Baltimore had the tying run 90 feet from home with Dave Johnson at bat. Pirate Catcher Manny Sanguillen walked to the mound and talked briefly to his pitcher. Then the 29-year-old Blass turned one of his many slow circles around the mound. "Those circles," he said after the game, "were previews of what is probably going to turn out to be a bad stomach." But he took a deep breath, threw a curve to the plate, and Johnson grounded to shortstop to end Baltimore's last good chance to win a second straight Series.

*Key hit of climactic game was this Clemente home run that put the Pirates ahead to stay.*

Until the deciding game, the 68th Series had taken on all the aspects of one of those National Basketball Association playoffs in which the home team always seems to win. The Orioles grabbed the first two games in Baltimore, lost the next three in Pittsburgh and then won the sixth game back home. But the *Home Sweet Home* refrain turned sour at last.

When it was all over, Baltimore's Earl Weaver delivered himself of a tortured soliloquy. "It wasn't quite as upsetting as when we lost to the Mets in 1969," he said. "And I still think we're the best damn team in baseball, even though we lost the seventh game to the Pirates. We'll be back here again. We'll win 100 games next year. Oh hell, what I'm really thinking and not saying is that it wouldn't be too bad an idea to just paint the fence and plow the tomatoes under."

The Orioles got plowed under when Willie Stargell, the slumbering giant of the Monongahela, opened the eighth inning with a single through the middle that scooted just beneath Shortstop Mark Belanger's glove, thus defeating Baltimore's defensive overshift. Jose Pagan, next up, hit a fly ball to deep center field that went over the head of Merv Rettenmund; Rettenmund juggled the ball as it rebounded from the fence, and Stargell never stopped running. He roared home, beating a relay throw that never arrived because First Baseman Boog Powell cut it off. Baltimore may long wonder whether

*continued*



*Manny Sanguillen (above) stole the base when he slid under Dave Johnson, waiting for the ball.*

*Frank Robinson (below) stole the sixth game when he slid under Sanguillen, leaping for ball.*



Powell's big mitt should have intervened, but Stargell almost certainly would have beaten the throw in any event. He was home with the winning run.

"I'm so happy about the way this turned out," Stargell said later. "When it began you would have thought the Pittsburgh Pirates were nothing more than the invited guests at the St. Valentine's Day massacre."

Pittsburgh's first run came on a homer by Clemente, who hit .414 in the Series and proved again, as if he needed to, that on certain days he belongs in a higher league than anyone else. In a classic Series, he was the classic player.

Baltimore itself was thinking in terms of classicism when it survived all sorts of tragedy to win on Saturday and force the Series into a seventh game. The dramatic sixth, in fact, was really the first game that both teams played well. From the fifth inning on, it was a remarkably thrilling thing to watch.

Jim Palmer started for the Orioles, gave up one run and then another to Clemente, naturally, on a homer. When Baltimore finally got two men on in the fifth inning—only the second time that Pittsburgh's faceless pitching staff had allowed that many Orioles on base in 32 innings—Baltimoreans hesitantly began to stir. But the Orioles failed to score, and Weaver went through a weird hat trick. He slammed his cap on the dugout wall three times. "I was so frustrated I was ready to try anything," he said. "I was trying to break a seam in the cap. I had a 16-straight cap going for me [the extent of Baltimore's winning streak before it lost the third game of the Series], and somebody stole it off the desk in my office. We went to Pittsburgh and lost three in a row. After I threw the cap the third time I went into our clubhouse and got myself an old beat-up cap, put it on and when I came out with it in the sixth inning Don Buford hit a home run."

Weaver needed no voodoos where Palmer was concerned. His fastballing righthander pitched fine, unsuperstitious ball that grew stronger by the inning. The Orioles tied the game in the seventh and won it in the 10th when Frank Robinson started a rally with a walk, continued it with a belly flop into third and finished it on Brooks Robinson's fly to medium left center with a plowing slide underneath the leaping Sanguillen at home.

Although the Orioles were even, they still wondered about the three games they

had lost to the Pirates in Pittsburgh. Before going there it was all gags; the Orioles had made it look so easy while beating the Pirates in Baltimore. Weaver explained why he had relieved Palmer way back there in game No. 2 despite an 11–3 lead. "I took him out because he had thrown 168 pitches and was beginning to feel twinges of pain in his arm," he said. "Also, I thought I might have to bring him back later."

"Bring him back for what, a bow?" someone asked. No, the answer was—five days later—to save the Orioles' lives. The Orioles needed saving because of the rebirth of the Pirates, a blessed event due quite likely to nothing more mysterious than that they went home.

Bands played and BEAT 'EM BUCS stickers were omnipresent and people insisted on talking about 1960, the year the Pirates won the Series by beating the Yankees in an extremely dramatic seven games although they were outscored 55 runs to 27. People remembered that those 1960 Pirates were built to take advantage of the peculiarities of old Forbes Field, to run and hustle and punch singles through the rock-hard infield and into the spacious outfield areas. Well, the 1971 Pirates had done pretty well in their ball park, too, modern Three Rivers Stadium, a $35 million dollar saucer with an artificial surface that, if anything, sped ground balls through the infield even faster than the old one. The 1971 Pirates were 52-28 at home.

One thing they planned to do was use their speed. "We have always been a good running club even though we don't have what you might call great stealing speed," said Murtaugh. "Part of our conditioning is to be aggressive on the bases. You'll never hear me say anything when an athlete is thrown out for being aggressive. I don't have a steal sign. I have a *don't* steal sign."

Pittsburgh started with Blass, who in 1968 had been the team's best pitcher. This season Dock Ellis, who was 19-9, received far more publicity even though Blass was 15-8 and started and completed more games.

"I sat in the clubhouse in Baltimore during the first two games and watched on a television monitor," Blass said. "I could get the ground-level shots and see what was being thrown. I made some notes—and left them in Baltimore."

When the Orioles and Pirates trooped out on the artificial turf for game number three all decked out in their double-knit uniforms, it looked like the road-company opening for *The Pajama Game*. Any ideas that the Pirates would continue their comic efforts of the first two games didn't last long, however. Blass moved through the first 21 Baltimore batters while allowing only one hit.

Pittsburgh meanwhile got a run in the first inning and added another in the sixth when Sanguillen scored from second on Pagan's single. Frank Robinson hom-

*continued*

*Boog Powell thundered into second but Dave Cash's relay for a double play quieted the Birds.*






*Danny Murtaugh saved his smile for the end.*

ered, leading off Baltimore's seventh. ("That's why he makes four times as much as I do," Blass said afterward.) Then with two on in the bottom of the seventh Bob Robertson, 0 for 9 at the time, missed the bunt sign. Third-Base Coach Frank Oceak managed to contain his chagrin when Robertson responded with a better idea—a home run to right center. The Pirates had a 5–1 victory and Blass a three-hitter.

"I was so nervous the night before that I lay in bed for hours without being able to sleep," Blass said afterward. "When I got up in the morning I was still so nervous that I blew a $3.40 breakfast. What was it? Toast, rare."

His afternoon snack—Oriole, well done—had been much more satisfying. One of Baltimore's four 20-game winners, Mike Cuellar, had been beaten, and now the Pirates figured that the others wouldn't be quite such formidable obstacles as they had once appeared.

So on Wednesday they went to work on Pat Dobson. The first night game in Series history brought out the biggest baseball crowd (51,378) ever in Pittsburgh as well as an estimated 61 million home TV viewers to their sets. And for one short stretch at the beginning they must have wondered why. The Orioles scored three quick runs off Luke Walker in the top of the first inning, and the *coup de grâce* appeared imminent. Then a thin, 21-year-old pitcher named Bruce Kison came in from the bullpen to relieve, and it was Kison who did the couping. He got the final out of the first inning and, following a bloop double to center field by Paul Blair in the second, set the Orioles down—on occasion quite literally; he hit



*Pitching flat out, Nelson Briles landed on*



*Steve Blass, grinning broadly, received a hug from his father after his third-game victory.*

three of them for a Series record—for the next six innings, allowing only two long fly balls as he moved his sidearm pitches in and out.

The game was taut and filled with point and counterpoint. Pittsburgh scored two runs in its half of the first and then tied the game in the third despite losing a huge argument that erupted when Clemente lined a ball down the right-field line and over the fence. The drive was called foul, but Clemente didn't lose any arguments with Dobson's next pitch. He rammed it into right field for the single that led to the tying run, which is the sort of thing that happens when a man is in a streak as hot as Roberto's. He was so hot, in fact, that each time he came to bat at Three Rivers the organist played *Jesus Christ Superstar*. He hit balls up around his ears and far out across the plate, and he made splendid catches in the outfield and ran the bases like a mere lad of 20 (he is 37).

The Pirates kept pounding Dobson and Reliever Eddie Watt, but they left men all over the bases and ran them as if drunk. So the game moved along tied into the Pirate seventh, at which point Milt May, a 21-year-old pinch hitter, settled it all by singling home the winning run. The victory really belonged to Kison, of course, who had shown the Orioles an old National League weapon. As Marty Allen, the comic and lifelong Pi-

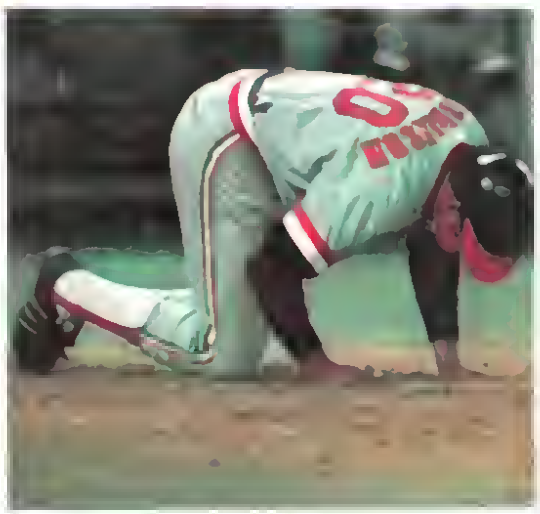


his hands three times, but he landed on Baltimore harder with a numbing two-hit shutout.



Bruce Kison, most physical of the Pirate pitchers, dove into Johnson and plunked Frank Robinson with his wicked curve.





rate fan, said, "Spiro Agnew wouldn't have hit as many guys."

Now the momentum belonged to the Pirates. Their base running, even though erratic, was hurrying the normally efficient Orioles into one silly blunder after another, and their pitching, maligned for most of the year, had suddenly blossomed. In the fifth game Murtaugh named Nelson Briles as his starting pitcher to oppose Dave McNally.

Sometimes, the least of Briles' talents seems to be pitching. A linguist who can speak half a dozen languages, the 28-year-old righthander has played Joe Hardy in the musical version of *Damn Yankees* and is equipped with a fine voice. One day in 1967 the St. Louis Cardinals were leading the National League when Clemente lined a drive back at Bob Gibson, shattering the fibula in his right leg. Without Gibson, the Cards appeared doomed, but Briles picked up the slack with 14 wins against only five losses for the highest winning percentage (.737) in the league. The next year he won 19 games. Early the following spring, however, the mound was lowered, and Briles was a temporary casualty. Eventually he won 15 games, but he had great trouble adjusting to the change.

So Briles revised his delivery, and the new style was never more in evidence than in the third Series game in Pittsburgh. Briles drove so hard off the mound that he fell down three times. "My record is 11 in one game," he said. Flat out, Briles pitched the best game of his life.

As early as the first inning the Pirates began to run on the Orioles once again. In the second, Robertson homered, and right behind him Sanguillen singled, stole second and scored on a single by Briles, a good hitting pitcher. And Briles kept driving the Orioles down. In only one inning did he allow Baltimore's leadoff man to reach first, and Briles immediately took care of him with a double-play grounder.

The Pirates took advantage of Baltimore's sloppy play to get their other two runs in the 4–0 victory. A walk, a ground out, an error by Brooks Robinson and a wild pitch produced the first. The second came after Gene Clines' triple soared over Centerfielder Paul Blair's head.

In 27 innings at Pittsburgh the Pirate pitchers had held the Orioles to a total of nine hits. The team had made no errors while the Orioles had made five. Bill Mazeroski, the biggest of many heroes on Pittsburgh's 1960 World Champions, stood by his locker. "Bill," he was asked, "is this as good as it was then?" Maz looked around the clubhouse and smiled. "Things are always supposed to be better when you look back on them from 11 years," he said, "but they might not be. They just might not be." END

# SAVED BY THE ITCH TO SWITCH

*A year ago Penn State was fast developing a loser's look, so Joe Paterno started to tinker, shifting a safety to quarterback, a quarterback to tight end and shazzam! he has another winner*

**by PAT PUTNAM**

For breakfast last Saturday, Penn State's Joe Paterno fed his unbeaten Nittany Lions steak and eggs plus a horror movie, something called "Upset 1970: Syracuse 24, Penn State 7." It was a good way to start the day—a tasty appetizer mixed with a bitter reminder of last year's game. Then for lunch Paterno offered his boys Syracuse live, and when the meal was over toward late afternoon there was nothing left of the Orangemen except a few bones scattered around the floor of old Archbold Stadium. Scoring 24 points in the first half, Penn State won with surprising ease 31–0 to secure its position as king of the East and stay in contention for national honors.

Perhaps the major difference at Penn State this season is that Joe Paterno finally has everyone playing in the proper position. Since that loss to Syracuse a year ago, Paterno, in separate moments of inspiration, has converted his second-string safety into his starting quarterback and his second-string quarterback into his No. 1 tight end. He also has moved one of his top linebackers to defensive end. Which started the rumor that Dr. John W. Oswald, the university president, had been bypassing all practices in fear that he might wind up as Paterno's center. "I

*Celebrating his first anniversary as a quarterback, ex-Safetyman John Hufnagel dives into the end zone to score a touchdown against Syracuse*



don't mind playing," he had allegedly said, "but do you think Mike Botts could run the school?"

No matter. With Botts still at center and all the others playing their new roles even better than Paterno has a right to expect, Penn State has put down five straight opponents by an average score of 38–6.

The ex-safety at the helm is John Hufnagel, a 187-pound junior accounting major who runs the option to perfection and who is slowly overcoming a bad rap as a mediocre passer. In Penn State's first four games he completed 30 of 55 for three scores and 412 yards, which is several rungs above mediocrity.

"If Notre Dame had Hufnagel," said Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, "they'd be a great team. If we had him, we'd be a good one."

But Penn State has him, and has ever since last year's loss to Syracuse. He started the final five games of the 1970 season and won them all.

"The story that he couldn't pass started after the Army game, his first for us at quarterback," said Jim Tarman, assistant to the athletic director. "It was tough for him. He knew very few of the pass plays. So he just stuck to the running game. Because of that everyone decided he couldn't throw."

But Hufnagel's success left Paterno with a problem. As his second-string quarterback he had Steve Joachim, a 6′ 3½″ sophomore with a strong throwing arm. What then would he do with Bob Parsons, his 6′ 4½″ 236-pound ex-quarterback who is the team punter and a fine athlete? Finally he approached Parsons midway through last spring's practice. "Uh, Bob," said Paterno, "you know that Hufnagel is our quarterback?" Parsons nodded. "And that Joachim gives us a fine backup quarterback?" Parsons nodded. "Uh, Bob, did you ever consider playing tight end?"

Parsons grinned. "Coach, I thought you'd never ask."

"And what a difference he's made in our offense," Paterno says happily. "With him we are a great third-down team. The linebackers can't make a move until he does. They just stand around waiting to see what he's going to do."

With a fine offensive line and runners like Franco Harris, a 220-pound fullback, and Lydell Mitchell, who is en route to wiping out all of Lenny Moore's records at Penn State, Paterno never had an unpeaceful thought about his ground game. In this year's first four games Mitchell averaged 6.7 yards on 85 carries and scored 10 times; Harris was 4.8 on 53 runs with four scores. And off the option that ex-safety was averaging five yards after 21 runs.

But Paterno's smartest move may have been one he made way back in spring practice of 1970, although it hardly took effect until this year. Charlie Zapiec, an excellent offensive guard, approached Paterno one day. "Coach," said Zapiec, "I know you need linebackers, and if you want I'll give it a try."

Paterno looked at his 222-pound senior, one with a solid chance for All-America honors as a guard. "Charlie," he said, "I know what this means, and why don't you take a little more time to think about it?"

Zapiec, a science major, agreed, but the next day he came back with the same offer. And he became a linebacker—for one game. Then on the plane to Colorado he suffered an appendicitis attack and was out the rest of the year.

"Coming back was hard at first," Zapiec says. "I had missed a whole year and all the guys I really knew well had graduated. I didn't feel like a part of the team. I remember when I went into one defensive huddle I had to introduce myself to the guy next to me. 'I'm Charlie Zapiec,' I said. He said, 'Hi, Charlie, nice to meet you.' At times I felt like giving it all up." At the end of spring practice Zapiec was voted defensive team captain. "It was one of the finest moments of my life," he said. "From then on I felt like I really belonged again."

Finally Paterno, thinking half a year ahead to what he thought would be Syracuse's bruising running game, took a linebacker, Jim Laslavic, and moved him to defensive end. And with that the defense, which wasn't supposed to be extraordinary, especially with a new secondary, seemed to come together. Each week, after a fine team performance, Zapiec demands that his mates get even better. And so far they have, as was especially evident against Syracuse.

Last Saturday Paterno dropped his normal 4-4-3 defense, stacked two linebackers behind his tackles and dared the big Orangemen to run anywhere else. "I figure they are going to look at our smaller linemen and they are going to come straight at us," he said. "Now we're going to find out what kind of a team we are."

On that note, Paterno arrived with his latest bag of tricks. One was the phony Wishbone. "We just want it to look like the Wishbone," Paterno said. "From it we'll still run the same plays as from the Power I. Syracuse stunts so much, we just want them to *think* we're in the Wishbone. We want to freeze their defense."

Freeze, did he say? In the first half, as Penn State rolled up its 24–0 lead, the Syracuse defense looked as though it was chipped from ice. On its third drive Penn State marched 14 plays to score, all on the ground, with Hufnagel getting the last three of 82 yards on a keep. A few minutes later little Alberto Vitiello kicked a 43-yard field goal to make it 10–0.

That quickly became 17–0 when Hufnagel moved Penn State 61 yards, the converted safety scoring his second touchdown on a one-yard dive. During that series Hufnagel passed once for 19 yards and ran three times for 30.

Then the defense got into the act. End Bruce Bannon, a 6′ 3½″ 211-pound sprinter, sliced in to deflect a Syracuse punt and then threw a key block to allow Linebacker Gary Gray to carry the loose ball 21 yards to score. Between them, Bannon and Gray make up one of the world's more intelligent scoring combinations. Bannon, a geological science major, carries a 3.8 average. Gray, majoring in electrical engineering, carries a 3.3. Paterno would have made a split end out of Einstein.

Mostly coasting the second half, Penn State fattened the final margin to 31–0 with a late fourth-quarter touchdown on a one-yard run by third-string Fullback Ken Andrews.

When it was over, a friend began talking to Paterno about the Orange Bowl.

"Go away," said Paterno.

But the friend persisted. "You know very well you've got an easy time between now and your last game with Tennessee. So that makes you unbeaten, and Tennessee . . ."

"Hold it," said Paterno. "Stop right there." He turned to a group of writers nearby and said, "O.K., if you want to quote him, go ahead. Just make sure you spell this guy's name right. Don't spell it P-A-T-E-R-N-O."

He shook his head. "Boy, some easy time." **END**



# JUST ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD, S'IL VOUS PLAIT

*As part of a sumptuous tribute to wine, women and wheels, Frédéric Chandon, the champagne king, staged a most intoxicating car rally*

by ROBERT F. JONES



If death and delight mark the opposite poles of mankind's condition, then no place on earth is more human than the Champagne country of France. The placid hills that flank the winding, bottle-green Marne have witnessed vast slaughters from the days of Attila the Hun through those of George S. Patton, yet these same chalky slopes are the birthplace and prime reservoir of that celebratory wine which men associate with the ultimate joys. On the one hand, war and rapine, pillage and destruction, on the other, birth and Bar Mitzvah, love and victory—that is the essence, and the schizophrenia, of Champagne. Last week, down its fast mountain roads and through the halls of its elegant châteaus, the region manifested the joyful side of its personality with the snarl of engines and a steady, two-day barrage of popping corks. To the gun-shy and war-weary Champenois, the sounds might have called up memories of the Siege of Rheims during World War I or the arrival of the U.S. Third Army in 1944. But to the 150-odd participants in the week's events, everything was filtered through a fine golden haze of bubbles. It was all, as the French say, *très drôle*.

The occasion was the second annual *Rallye des Champions*, a mock-competitive gathering of France's top racing drivers, chefs, entertainers and entrepreneurs, along with their sleek, eye-pleasing ladies. The whole bubbly do was sponsored by Moet & Chandon, the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM



*Mme. Jean-Pierre Beltoise sips, Mme. Jochen Rindt eeys fill 'er up, the pop-eyed comedien Mousteche serves a treyful end rally winner Jean-Françoie Piot salutee the scene.*



world's largest producer of champagne, in conjunction with Ford of France. Ostensibly, the purpose of the rally was to determine a *champion des champions* by means of a 137-kilometer drive at high speed through the wine fields surrounding Épernay. But since, to the Frenchman, mere speed doth not a champion make, more complex tasks had been added to the agenda. The true champion would not only have to drive well but also prepare an haute cuisine omelet, catch a string of trout, negotiate an obstacle course on a tall vineyard tractor, *powder a parcel of clay pigeons in a trap* shoot and demonstrate his prowess on a motorbike. On form, this ultracivilized hexathlon would appear to be immensely challenging, but nothing so serious was intended. "It is a reunion, a chance to have fun," explained Comte Frederic Chandon de Brialles, the rally's prime mover. "It is a gathering of some interesting people."

Indeed they were, starting with the Count himself, who prefers to be called Fred. A tall, graying, whippet-slim man of 42 with blue eyes as *bruit* as his product, Chandon was a youth during World War II and so has enjoyed an adult life at Rheims unpunctuated by any artillery other than his own. He proved to be an egalitarian host and a cool, quick-cornering driver as well. Chandon had chosen his entry list as carefully as his little old wine makers select grapes for their *cuvees*. For basic body, there were the heavies: Grand Prix Driver Jean-Pierre Beltoise, the fiercest man in a tight corner since the late Pedro Rodriguez; Three-Star Chef Paul Bocuse, with the sunken black eyes of a mad monk and the lightest crepes in the Republique. Nina Rindt, widow of the 1970 world champion Jochen, a blonde Bambi who emanates sorrow as *poignantly as a pietà*. For zest and sparkle, there were François Cevert, winner of the U.S. Grand Prix (SI, Oct. 11), whose girlish features belie his rakehell nature, and Moustache, the mammoth Parisian comic to whom naught is sacred save laughter and champagne. For bouquet, little more was needed than the presence of Jacqueline Beltoise, Jean-Pierre's wife and Cevert's sister, slender and shapely as a champagne flute but not nearly as fragile. While the male competitors eyed Jacqueline hungrily, the female contestants seemed to wish that Chef Jean Troisgros might consider her for a starring role in his famous Steak Tartare, about which there will be more later.

*continued*

Most motor races are culinary disasters, with participants and spectators alike forced to gulp down sandwiches and beer to sustain the inner man. Not Fred Chandon's rally. Indeed, as if to underscore the grandest sin of this grand sport, the omelet-making contest was the first event on the schedule. The participants gathered in l'Orangerie du Jardin Français, across the road from the winery, for this supreme test of the skillet. Copious amounts of champagne had already flowed, and more was always ready in the misty magnums that circulated through the crowd in the steady hands of blue-smocked sommeliers. The Orangerie was designed in 1807 by Jean-Baptiste Isabey, and Napoleon himself often strolled through its formal French gardens and alongside a reflecting pool filled with aristocratic trout. The emperor, an omelet-freak like all Frenchmen, would doubtless have taken offense at the equipment on hand, thin-skinned skillets and one-burner gas stoves. "An omelet requires a heavy pan and a much hotter flame," grumped Moustache as he separated his whites from his yolks and whipped up a fine eggy froth. Then he grabbed a bottle of St. James rum, slammed back a hearty swig, dashed an equal amount into his mixture and yolked it up some more.

Cevert, meanwhile, was sweating beneath his chef's cap and lashing his concoction with mushrooms, chopped ham and asparagus under the watchful eye of his sister. Beltoise heeded her advice—last year he had spiked his omelet with pebbles and a live goldfish, in memory no doubt of the food he had eaten at Watkins Glen. Thanks to Jacqueline's tutelage, her brother and her husband tied for third place. Egghead of the day was François Mazet, whose rally teammate, Paul Bocuse, played no small role in his success.

The next event was the fishing contest in the placid waters of the reflecting pool. It resembled opening day of the trout season on any American stream: 30 rods flailing frantically over 50 yards of water; obscenities echoing up and down the line as men missed their strikes; exultation as they landed a fish. Only the French chefs seemed to know what they were doing. Bocuse yanked a dozen German brown trout out of his bathtub-sized segment of the pond in as many minutes, one of them a splendid fish of nearly two pounds which he played as tenaciously as if it were a record marlin. By contrast, Michel Jazy, the former world record holder in the mile run, missed strike after strike and finally was pushed into the pool by a rowdy competitor. "I must have been given bad bait," laughed Michel as he drip-dried himself later. "The trout were nipping at my boots when I was in the water, so they were hungry enough." Victory in the fishing contest went to Michel Geurard, an up-and-coming young chef who cleverly stuffed his catch with stones to increase the weight. The judges overlooked that deception, though they disqualified two limp mackerel and a hefty filet of sole presented at the weigh-in by Moustache. "Unfair!" he bellowed, swallowing another tulip of wine.

Next on the agenda was a gymkhana involving vineyard tractors, pony cars and giant plastic Nebuchadnezzars of champagne—empty, of course, but of the same size as those ample containers that house 20 bottles of the real stuff. The event was held in a sprawling parking lot downhill from the Moet & Chandon headquarters, with the tall bottles marking a slalom course through which the contestants threaded their way, tipsily enough to make an American traffic cop think he was in heaven. Nina Rindt and her teammate, La Belle Beltoise, handled the tractors with the skill of born Champenois, but Paul Bocuse was penalized when his partner, Rally Driver Mazet, coached him through the one-mph corners. "Unfair!" belched Bocuse, reaching for another goblet.

The first day of competition ended with no clear victor in sight, which was just as well since none of the contestants could have seen him anyway. A gala dinner in the Caveau Napoléon—one of the myriad cellars carved through 15½ miles of chalk under the Maison Moet & Chandon—terminated the evening. It was an eerie setting, with Jet Setters in all their haute couture and hauteur sipping a 1911 vintage champagne under a vaulted ceiling festooned with mould and cobwebs. One recalled Fortunato's death in the Poe story and listened uneasily for the slap of mortar on stone. All that could be heard was the clinking of crystal.

Next morning, with the actual driving leg of the rally due to begin, Jean-Pierre Beltoise failed to show. Some said he was off testing a new Matra pro-

continued



*Between Nebuchadnezzars on gymkhana scoots Francois Cevert's fiancee, Francois directing.*

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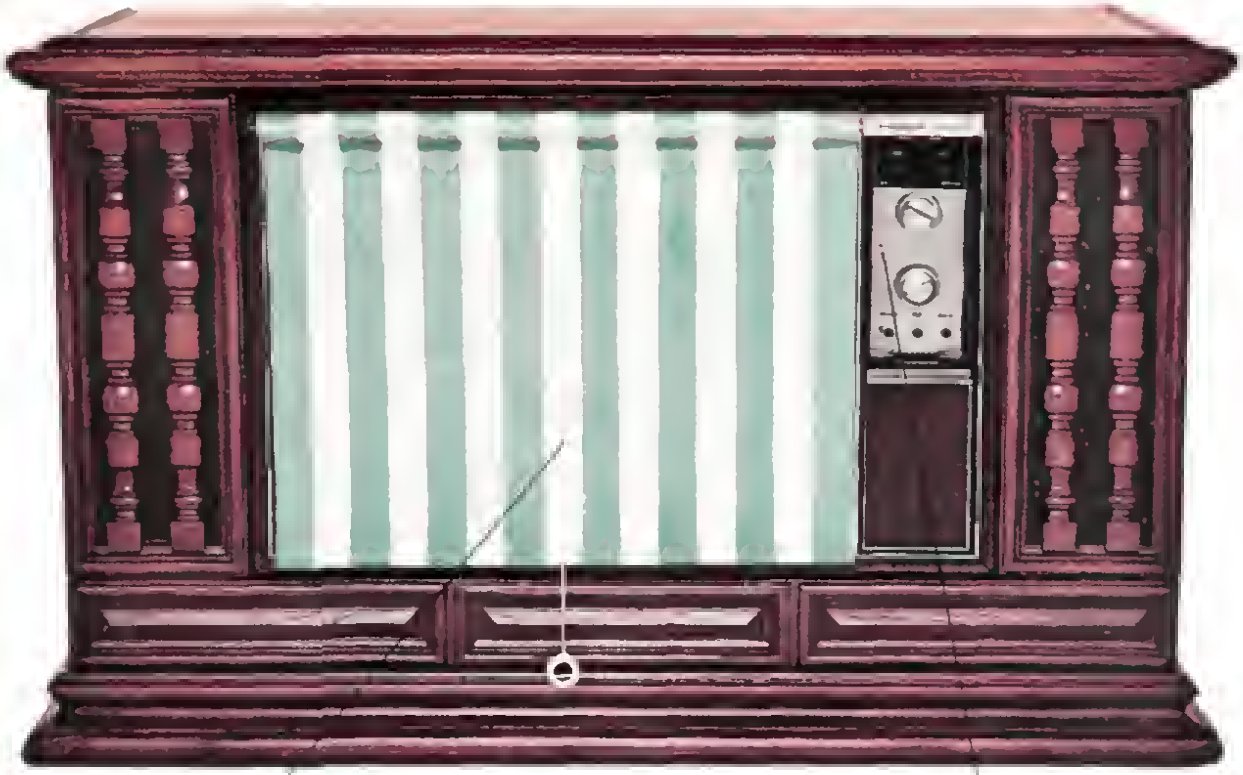



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totype, but one Moet & Chandon employee thought otherwise. "Jean-Pierre was smitten by his *succès d'estime* in the omelet match and drank too much champagne," he suggested. Jean-Pierre did turn up in time, however, to collect his free champers later. The rally was to begin at the Château de Saran, an 18th century country home just outside Épernay on the slopes of the Côte des Blancs, where the Moët & Chandon brass entertain their customers in a style befitting the era of Bonaparte. The first leg, a hill climb up the sinuous asphalt driveway past formal gardens and gnarled beech trees, began inauspiciously when a lady publicist from Paris creamed the hay bales and her male partner bent a fender on the château wall at the top of the slope. Cevert ran the whole chicane in low gear: who needs to take chances during the off season?

By the end of the hill climb the sun had burned its way through the autumnal overcast and the winey vales of the Montagne de Rheims were unfolding in all their amber intricacy. Everyone was thirsty, and the next stop was the Abbey of Hautvillers, where the beloved Dom Perignon invented champagne 281 years ago. What better incentive for a lead-footed dash through the kinky roads and crumbling villages of the region? Fortunately, the roads of Champagne are well paved and its people eschew jaywalking, otherwise many of the cars might have ended up bloody in the ditches. All hands reached Hautvillers safely, collected a free bottle of Dom Perignon (vintage 1962, an excellent year, and retailing for about $12 the liter), then sped off for Rheims and more champagne at the auto club. Jacqueline Beltoise and Nina Rindt, driving like grannies along the fast roads en route, were overtaken easily but nonetheless made the "best" time between the two checkpoints. "Unfair!" gurgled the opposition, but a few more glasses of champagne stilled the protest. Another quick dash to the winery of Canard-Duchêne, another freebie (this time a magnum apiece of vintage 1966), and the party arrived at Freddy Chandon's villa at Louvois, where a sumptuous buffet had been laid on, along with plenty of—yep—champagne.

The villa was a study in precisely that elegance which triggers revolution: in the central hallway, portraits of puffy, 18th century ladies sneered down on mountains of grapes and cheese, while a gypsy band—Le Pirate et Cie, out of Menton in the south of France—strummed hokum Hispanic songs like a broken 78-rpm record. Fred Chandon had discovered The Pirate during the course of his travels. The Pirate had false teeth, and the inner edge of his upper lip stuck to his teeth while the outer edge curled in a sneer that duplicated those of the painted duchesses on the wall. Smoked trout and asparagus with truffles disappeared like prisoners into a contemporary Bastille, chased along with potted hare, wild strawberries and indecipherable salads. Then up rose Jean Troisgros to rescue the afternoon from ennui. It was the great Steak Tartare caper, and it was well worth the mad dash along the roads of Champagne to see it performed.

First, Troisgros plopped six egg yolks into a dish, then two squirts of tabasco, followed by enough catsup to cover 10 hamburgers. Six Bloody Marys' worth of Worcestershire sauce followed, its pungency enhanced by a plethora of salt. His grizzled beard bristling, Troisgros punished the mixture with a wire whip, then soothed it with two cups of vegetable oil, half a handful of chopped onions, a touch of parsley and three sprigs of fresh watercress. Next, he scooped about two pounds of chopped beef into the bowl, kneaded it heartily, and dosed the result with a healthy shower of brandy. The result: a dish that could turn any civilized man to cannibalism. Indeed, the paunchy singer Tino Rossi ate a full quarter of the recipe and came grumbling back for more. But Troisgros was gone—out into the back lots of the château for the next event, a trap shoot in which the canny cook dusted 10 birds out of 10 to win. "One learns to shoot in the cooking business," he allowed.

The final event, a mini bike race through another obstacle course marked by the ubiquitous Nebuchadnezzars, provided spills and thrills galore—especially when Cevert's fiancee Christina Caraman took a tantalizing header at two miles an hour on a downslope. Then the skies, which had been glowering all afternoon, opened with a vengeance, and the Beautiful People fled back to the champagne trays.

That evening, the grand trophy was presented. The winners, if anyone really cared, were Jean-François Piot, a rally driver of local repute, and his teammate Jean-Pierre Paoli, a publicist. In a way, it was fitting: there could be no serious winner since there had been no serious contest, and Piot acknowledged the fact with a glass of champagne on the Château de Saran's steps. Cevert, too, recognized the purpose of the two-day blowout by leaping onto a table with The Pirate's slinky, belly-dancing wife and stomping away like a mad, baby-faced gypsy. Then Beltoise replaced him, trying his deadly damndest to crack the table in two. Finally, Moustache mounted the hoards—all 300 pounds of him—and when the table still refused to break, dropped his trousers in a brief, briefless and utterly contemptuous gesture. Applause! More champagne!

In the end, of course, it was the Champagne country that triumphed, just as it had over all earlier invaders. One began to understand the mystical nature which winebibbing peoples attribute to their liquid sacrament. As the candles guttered out in the château, and the last cars whined down the winding driveway through the twisted trees, past the poodle-clipped gardens, into the wet, chalky roadways of the Valley of the Marne, one also recalled the lines of the American poet, Alan Seeger, who died in the pallid mud of Champagne during the Great War. Apostrophizing a dead buddy, Seeger wrote:

> In the glad revels, in the happy
> fêtes,
> When cheeks are flushed, and glasses
> gilt and pearled
> With the sweet wine of France that
> concentrates
> The sunshine and the beauty of the
> world
> Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps
> yet may tread
> The undisturbed, delightful paths of
> Earth,
> To those whose blood, in pious duty
> shed,
> Hallows the soil where that same
> wine had birth. . .

A rather cool and fitting sentiment. Good night, Nina! Good night, Jacqueline! Good night, Moustache! Good night, Fred! Hic! **END**

# Mighty match-ups make it go

Three times in the first period of a midseason game at Los Angeles last year, Jerry West dribbled quickly to his favorite spot to the right of the key, delivered that special, hard bounce of the ball he uses to launch his classic jumper, then leaped, shot and scored. Moments later he was wheeling back into the same spot. But now the bigger man guarding him, Chicago's Jerry Sloan, lunged up and jostled West in midflight, inadvertently slamming him to the floor. West made the shot and he also was awarded a foul shot, but Sloan had made a point all his own: in the next three periods West did not again try successive shots from the same area of the floor—and the moral was there for all the stands to see. Exactly. In no other team sport are the confrontations between individual players as obvious as they are in professional basketball. Today's sophisticated fan now comes equipped with a sort of split-level vision, looking inside the bigger battles between teams to follow the key match-ups, the man-to-man skirmishes that are as exciting as the outside game itself. Pictured at right, and on the pages that follow, are three of today's most interesting match-ups, three games within games to watch in the season ahead. At guard, the quick-shooting West is beautifully offset by Sloan, whose match-up strategy is simple enough—wear the man down. It often works, since Sloan is the best rebounding guard in the league and boxing him out is an exhausting task that West rarely faces against other backcourt men. But an even better battle is produced by New York's Dave DeBusschere and Baltimore's Gus Johnson (see cover and overleaf), a muscular confrontation that experts call "the classic match-up." Johnson himself says simply, "It's war, man." No two NBA players are more closely paired: they are the league's best defensive forwards; both are exceptional rebounders and shooters and, deep within each Knicks-Bullets game, they duel strength to strength, grinding at each other for leverage, each expecting only a momentary flash opening. At center, meanwhile, Milwaukee's sinewy Kareem Jabbar is a towering offensive power, usually unstoppable. But the Warriors' Nate Thurmond is an equally agile defensive specialist, and when the two meet, the earth shakes. "Nate is the only good center who doesn't try to rough me up," says Jabbar. "It is strictly my talent against his." Result, the rare sight of two big men in fierce balance. And best of all for the fans, while these interior dramas are being played, the outside games swirl on. For a preview of both, read on to the assessment of the season ahead and scouting reports by Peter Carry and Jerry Kirshenbaum, followed by Frank Deford's inside look at basketball's Little Big Man.

**Hotly pursued by Sloan, West brakes, fires over the top.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.


18


4


In the best match-up, DeBusschere's shoulder spears Johnson.
bullets
41


ullets
5
DEBUSSCHERE



# A war is over, and the shooting starts

What if General Robert E. Lee, after all those terrible months in the trenches at Richmond, had gone off to surrender at Appomattox only to find that his troops would not quit fighting? Well, after four years under constant siege by the rebel American Basketball Association, the National Basketball Association has finally capitulated and agreed to merge. At least, the NBA owners have agreed. Their players have not. After all, the hostilities turned them into some of history's most generously rewarded war profiteers.

Today, the merger that seemed so near last spring is still incomplete. But for the fans, the days are now past when clamor about player raids, interleague intrigues and other nonbasketball brouhaha can detract from the game itself. Beginning with the season-opening tipoffs last week, basketball is back.

Sometime in the next few months Congress will act on the battle between owners and players, but whatever the final decision it will have little effect on the face of the game. If the players win—and theirs is the stronger philosophical position—the bosses will grouse for a time, a franchise or two may fail and then the front offices (perhaps those in baseball and football as well) will adjust to the hard reality of doing business in a free-market economy. Should the owners win—and that also must be considered a possibility since Congress is often responsive to those who appear before it with the most money and influence—the players will grouse awhile, continue to compete as hard as they do now and watch their average salaries slowly decrease.

If the notice given the opening round of Senate hearings earlier this month is a true indicator, fans will have to subscribe to the *Congressional Record* to find out how the owner-player battle fares. But most basketball buffs will be too busy enjoying the sight of Kareem Jabbar, stronger and better than ever, trying to propel Milwaukee to another championship, or Julius Erving, very likely the best rookie in either league, doing his thing for Virginia.

Defense is another aspect of the game well worth watching. Scoring in the NBA has dropped steadily over the past few seasons, and the once point-happy ABA is certain to begin following the trend now that the talent and size of its players are reaching NBA proportions. Ten seasons ago five NBA players averaged at least 30 points per game; last year only Jabbar among all pros reached that level. In the 1961-62 season the average NBA team scored 120 points a game, in 1970-71 the mean was 112.

Jerry West, a top scorer throughout the past decade, says, "Defenses all around the league are more sophisticated. This has necessitated a change in all players. The days of four or five guys averaging 30 points are gone. There are more complex zone types of defenses now. They have the appearance of man-to-man but work on zone principles."

Match-ups, like the ones pictured on the preceding pages, are the key to good defense, particularly for teams without a huge, shot-blocking center. Coaches routinely respond to opponents' substitutions with lineup changes of their own, attempting to gain an edge in speed at one position or in height at another. For a coach, the ultimate tactical triumph is a mismatch in his team's favor, a situation in which the fine balance of talent has gone awry and put the opposition at a defensive disadvantage.

There will be plenty of interesting new match-ups this year involving the largest group of good young players ever to enter the pros in one season. Aside from regular draftees like Portland's Sidney Wicks and the two giant, defense-oriented centers, Artis Gilmore of Kentucky and Buffalo's Elmore Smith, there are several even younger rookies who have reached the pros a year or more before their college careers were due to end. Erving, Cincinnati's Nate Williams and George McGinnis of Indiana are among those who left school as a result of wartime raids or because of the decision in the Spencer Haywood case which obliges the leagues to permit special "hardship" cases to play even before their college eligibilities have expired. The presence of these premature pros will make this spring's draft a monumental nonevent. The talent in the present college senior class is now considered so thin that at least one scout will be staying home most of the winter. Atlanta's Gene Tormohlen will spend less time viewing college games in order to remain with the Hawks and give individual coaching to 7′ 2″ hardship draftee Tom Payne, who was a sophomore at Kentucky last season.

The younger rookies, most of whom play in the ABA, will help the newer league move more rapidly to equality. There are other signs of approaching balance: the ABA's surprising record in interleague exhibitions (8-15), its success for the first time in matching the NBA in signing college seniors and the fact that it was the NBA which moved franchises and made more major trades during the off season.

The two leagues are not equal yet, but within each of them tight races, far more exciting than that dreary battle between the players and owners, are at hand. Scouting reports on the NBA and the ABA start on the next page.

—PETER CARRY

**Matched at center, Thurmond and Jabbar dominate a game.**

# Atlantic

Philadelphia's old folks figure they'll finish out front, but the New York Knicks—who know all about the Spirit of '76—should seize it again




Burdened by one of pro basketball's biggest payrolls—the price of dissuading such veterans as Luke Jackson and Billy Cunningham from jumping at various times to the ABA—the Philadelphia 76ers have lately been economizing in an odd way. They keep coming up with first-round draft choices unlikely to ever replace the high-salaried oldtimers. Creaky with age in consequence, Philadelphia nonetheless gave New York a run for the division title last season, and Coach Jack Ramsay gamely, if unconvincingly, insists, "I honestly think we can win the NBA championship this year."

As if to inspire his old crew, Ramsay did a lot of sulking, a recreation not usually associated with baldish, 46-year-old coaches, while the 76ers trained at Fort Pierce, Fla. for what shapes up as a closely bunched divisional race. And while the Knicks ought to win again, they might have to invoke the Spirit of '76 themselves, what with Dick Barnett being a ripe old 35 and Willis Reed recovering from knee surgery. As insurance for Reed, New York has acquired Jerry Lucas, who should help Dave DeBusschere get the ball off the defensive boards and out to Walt Frazier to trigger the Knick fast break. To back up Barnett, there is Marquette's Dean Meminger, a little rookie who already has started drawing big applause. Still, Lucas lacks Reed's quickness and defensive gifts, and Coach Red Holzman was being understandably solicitous toward his injury-prone center when, taking the Knicks into Indianapolis for a preseason game against the ABA Pacers, he cautioned, "Better not go in the dressing room, Willis—it's crowded in there." Reed, venturing into still heavier traffic, promptly scored 22 points in a 98-96 Knick victory.

The other playoff berth could quite possibly go to the upstart Buffalo Braves, whose coach, Dolph Schayes, lasted just one game. Buffalo lost that one by 33 points and in came John McCarthy. Still, the team's improved prospects are suggested by the fate of last year's two 20-point scorers, Don May and Bob Kauffman. May was traded to Atlanta in a deal that brings to the young Braves the steady hand at guard of Walt Hazzard. Kauffman, a one-year wonder at the high post, will return to forward to make way for Elmore Smith, the 7' 1" rookie from Kentucky State whom Buffalo signed for a reported $2 million and then put through four days of hospital tests to make sure he was in working order. Smith needs experience, especially on offense, but his shot-blocking and rebounding potential is such that one brave Buffalo official says, "We don't care if Elmore scores only five points a game. We really don't." Of course, that raises the question of where the points will come from, since Kauffman will not be quite as effective against more mobile cornermen.

Another team on the upswing is Boston, though the Celtics still must develop something resembling team defense. As a start, they have finally stopped dreaming of Bill Russell's apocalyptic presence, and when Jo Jo White, that sweet-shooting guard, needed a jersey for an exhibition game with the 76ers at Hazleton, Pa., he thought nothing of donning Russell's sacred (but not yet formally retired) No. 6 for the evening. The bench is weak, a problem for a club that likes to run, but Coach Tom Heinsohn gets solid rebounding from old reliables John Havlicek, who does everything, and Don Nelson and, above all, Russell's successor at center, scrappy Dave Cowens.

All of which dooms Philadelphia to last place, right? Well, the 76ers have made the playoffs eight straight years, and they still have Cunningham and Archie Clark, one-on-one standouts adept at finding the free man when double-teamed. Then there is the tireless Hal Greer, who needs just 57 more games to surpass Schayes' NBA career record of 1,059. Greer now doubles as Ramsay's assistant coach, but he says, "The important thing is how I produce as a player." The NBA's second-oldest guard after the Knicks' Barnett, Greer last season averaged a remarkable 37-plus minutes and 18.6 points a game.

# Central

Can the mature new Maravich lead his Hawks through the battlefields ahead? The only team to stop him, sore knees and all, is Baltimore

Whatever happened to the Atlanta Hawks the first half of last season may remain forever a topic for conjecture—or at least until Pete Maravich writes his memoirs. The facts behind all that talk of petty jealousy, divisiveness and envy stirred up by the arrival of Maravich and his $2 million contract, followed by a 14-32 record before the All-Star Game, are now being neatly obscured by the Hawks.

Captain Bill Bridges, much in the midst of last year's unrest, sets a stony calm on his handsome face and says he does not want to talk about it. Coach Richie Guerin boldly claims, "Morale problems? We didn't have any morale problems." Atlanta President Bob Cousins merely smiles, remembering it. Only Maravich willingly acknowledges that his rookie year was less than pluperfect. "I want to forget it," he says. "I'll be regarded as a second-year man, but I feel like a 10-year man. It was incredible all the way."

This season could be incredible, too—in a decidedly different way. Last year, after the Hawks finally solved their problems, they won 13 of their closing 17 games with Maravich directing the offense and averaging 29 points. Pete will be more mature this season (despite the mononucleosis that will delay his debut) and should complete his drive to stardom that began in those final games. Guerin traded Walt Hazzard to Buffalo, thereby handing Maravich floor leadership of the Hawks and, more importantly, allowing consistent Lou Hudson to move back from forward to guard where he will join Maravich to form the NBA's highest-scoring backcourt. Don May, Bridges and Center Walt Bellamy create a solid front line, and they are backed up by unusual depth, including 6'8½" rookie George Trapp. Trapp should be a threat to take May's starting job, and his development could be the key to Atlanta's success. With Trapp coming off the bench, the Hawks should win their division, if he improves enough to start, they could take the Eastern half of the NBA.

Baltimore won that title last year, and the Bullets remain largely unchanged. Well, they did add a strong rookie forward, 6' 9" Stan Love (Oregon), and Coach Gene Shue, long the last of the NBA flattops, now combs his hair in the style once called Ivy League. Otherwise, there is the same fine Baltimore personnel—and those same awful knees. The three best Bullets, Earl Monroe (right knee), Wes Unseld (left) and Gus Johnson (both), were ailing during the exhibition season. Their recuperations, and all the Bullets' willingness to continue playing the controlled, less individualistic offense they employed during the playoffs last year, will decide whether Baltimore can challenge Atlanta.

If the Bullet knees get too far out of joint and if Cincinnati solves a similar problem of its own, the Royals could press Baltimore for second place. Rookie Forward Ken Durrett (La Salle), considered by some scouts a better prospect than more widely publicized Sidney Wicks (UCLA), was slow recovering from a knee injury. Now that Durrett is finally ready to play, Bob Cousy's fast-break offense will be hard to shut down once it begins rolling. Getting it started is another matter, the Royals still lack a strong defensive rebounder at center. Gil McGregor, a 6'8", 240-pound sixth-round draftee from Wake Forest who may be the rookie sleeper of the year, could lessen that problem.

Elsewhere in the division, it seems a cinch that Cleveland will be the worst team in the NBA. "We've got a great bunch of backup players," says Coach Bill Fitch. "We'd make somebody a hell of a farm club." Only the starting Cavalier guards do not fit Fitch's description, but neither will be on hand to begin the season. Butch Beard remains in the Army until November, about the same time that the foot Notre Dame's Austin Carr broke in a preseason scrimmage is expected to heal. Cleveland flabbergasted the rest of the NBA by drafting Carr first last spring instead of a big man. That choice means the Cavs will be far less improved than their expansion brothers in Buffalo and Portland, and also that Fitch and Cleveland Owner Nick Mileti may have the last laugh. After all, they should pick first in the draft again this year.



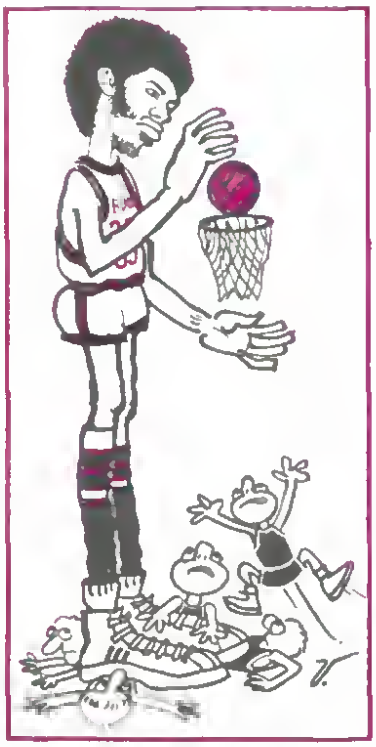

CONTINUED

# Midwest

Put the Bucks down for the playoffs—and the title—and then turn to the division's more pertinent question. Who will come in second?

When they counted up the victories just before the playoffs last season, all four Midwest teams were in the NBA's top seven. But only two clubs, Milwaukee and Chicago, were allowed to push on to the finals under the rule that limits the action to first- and second-place teams in each division. And while a league conference in November will review that rule, the likelihood of change seems small, which means just one thing: the race for the second playoff spot will again be tight. In fact, it will be so close that the outcome might well be determined by the unpredictable rather than talent—such things as injuries, team morale and luck.

First playoff position is something else: talent in the towering form of Kareem Abdul Jabbar will keep that honor—and subsequently the league championship—firmly in the hands of the Bucks. Simply because the competitive fire of a first title-winning season can rarely be sustained the second time around, Milwaukee likely will lose more than the 16 games it lost a year ago. But not many, because Jabbar is still reaching for his full potential as a player, and Oscar is still running the show. In exhibitions Jabbar hit 65% of his own shots, blocked opponents' shots more frequently than ever and looked stronger. He is five pounds heavier (237 pounds on that towering frame) and the extra weight has broadened his chest and shoulders, just the thing to help the Bucks' rebounding. That was the team's only basic weakness last season, but the situation should also improve with the introduction of 6' 9" John Block from Houston. Block replaces retired Bob Boozer as the substitute for small starting Forwards Greg Smith and Bob Dandridge, giving Milwaukee added strength, speed and shooting range.



One thing that could slow the Bucks' getaway is a bad case of preseason exhaustion. The team's popular road show stormed the circuit to big crowds but ran everybody ragged.

This situation offers hope to Phoenix, which lost only two exhibition games. The Suns played with regular-season fervor and might be hyped up enough to put a firm early grasp on that other playoff spot. In fact, all three of the Midwest's also-rans hope that added strength at forward will keep them in the race. The Suns' new punch comes wrapped in a couple of familiar old packages, Paul Silas and Connie Hawkins.

In the off season Silas joined his wife on the Weight Watchers' diet and dropped 30 pounds. His game has changed almost as much as his looks. He used to be a tough rebounding and defending forward, now he is a tough rebounder and defender who also runs the fast break beautifully. The break has not been a Phoenix specialty in the past, largely because good-shooting Guards Dick Van Arsdale and Clem Haskins are not notably quick. But rookie Dennis Layton, a surprising third-round draftee from USC who runs fast and handles the ball deftly, should complete the change in style. Further, Hawkins will alter the opinions of those who felt he lost superstar status last year with his very ordinary play. During the exhibitions the Hawk was soaring higher than ever for those good old one-handed rebounds and also doing some low-level work as the man most frequently sprinting back on defense to harass fast breaks.

Meanwhile, Chicago's high-scoring cornermen, Bob Love and Chet Walker, do not particularly care for the fast break. They would rather grind it out in the efficient, forward-oriented pattern offense favored by Coach Dick Motta (*page 46*) which allowed them to average 47.2 points a game between them. The Bulls' problem was that Love and Walker could not rebound well enough to provide themselves all the shooting opportunities they needed. Guard Jerry Sloan was Chicago's second-best rebounder behind Center Tom Boerwinkle, so this fall Motta has imported a herd of beefy young forwards to fatten up the Bulls. The two best are rookies Howard Porter of Villanova and Eastern Michigan's Kennedy McIntosh. Porter received the far bigger bonus, but McIntosh, a strong 6' 7" leaper who also can shoot, may get more playing time. Additionally, Chicago has unexpected rebounding potential in third-round draftee Clifford Ray of Oklahoma. He might well become a hefty backup for Boerwinkle.

"We played forward roulette all last year," says Detroit Coach Butch van Breda Kolff, who may have wanted to try the real Russian version after it was all over. Frustration about who to play in the corners helped push VBK to a new personal record in technical fouls (over 40 at $25)—and also prompted him to bring eight forwards to the training camp. One of them, last year's starter Terry Dischinger, is still slowed by a leg injury, putting added pressure on rookies Willie Norwood and Curtis Rowe of UCLA. And as if that were not bad enough, a preseason eye injury suffered by star Guard Dave Bing turned out to be a torn retina. Result: surgery will sideline him for at least two months. Although the Pistons still have standouts in Jimmy Walker and Center Bob Lanier, Bing's importance to the team was demonstrated in the season opener in which he scored 24 points, blurred vision and all, to help beat New York.

CONTINUED

# Authentic.



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He then places his palm on top of the glass and turns the glass upside down. He waits a moment, then reverses it and sniffs again. The finest whisky will have doubled the strength of its scent.

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***Dewar's never varies.***

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# Pacific

The Lakers are sinking and the Warriors are now Golden—maybe—but look for Spencer Haywood to make the Sonics truly Super in Seattle

For the first time in years Seattle Player-Coach Lenny Wilkens played basketball during the off season. This suddenly renewed interest in midsummer scrimmaging at 33 can only be attributed to the presence of a frisky new playmate who would make any coach on the far side of the Generation Gap feel young again. He is Spencer Haywood, the 6′ 8″ forward who would have been picked first in the draft last spring had he not chosen to reach the NBA via the ABA Denver Rockets and the federal courts. But now, after a summer of becoming accustomed to the fluid Wilkens style, he is ready to make the five-year-old Sonics boom for the first time.

Haywood leads a deep, talented forward corps that should bring the Sonics an easy victory in the Pacific Division. Second-year man Garfield Heard, a strong, fast, determined player, lines up opposite Haywood, and Wilkens can replace them with a benchful of sound subs. For outside shooting, there is Barry Clemens; for experience and aggressiveness, Don Kojis, and for pure muscle, 6′ 9½″ Don Smith. In the backcourt, Dick Snyder, one of the league's sharpest long-range shooters, starts alongside Wilkens.

The only Seattle shortcoming is at center—a position Smith also can play if needed. Bob Rule was second in scoring last year when he tore an Achilles' tendon. He is better, but the team may open the year with Pete Cross, an exceptional rebounder who can do little else, in the post. Further, neither Rule nor Cross plays strong defense, a problem for the Sonics last year. But, with Wilkens piloting the fast-break offense, Seattle will rarely be outscored.

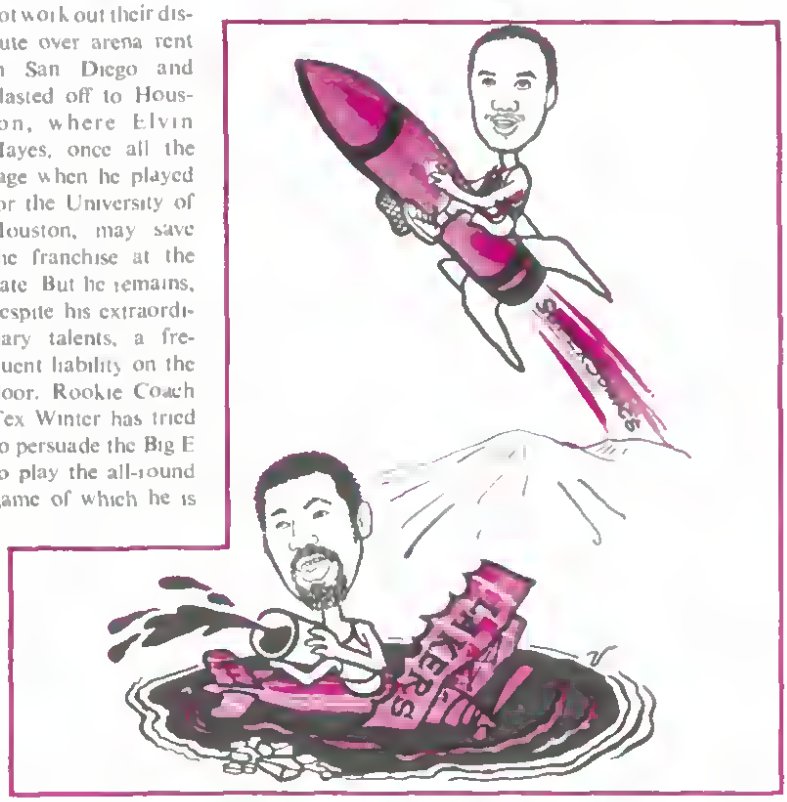
The Lakers have suddenly become a running team, too—at least in practice. With strict disciplinarian Bill Sharman now coaching, Los Angeles ran drills on drills during training camp, and even Wilt Chamberlain loped into shape.

It was another Laker superstar who presented a problem: Elgin Baylor simply should not be playing anymore. Lest this sound shockingly heretical, one cannot but note that, at 37, Baylor's scarred legs no longer provide the thrust needed to shoot his jumper or the agility that playing defense requires. But if Elgin holds to his promise to wait until next season to retire, Sharman will be forced to start him. The Lakers are deep at guard behind Jerry West and Gail Goodrich but thin at forward. Baylor's presence will take important playing and learning time away from Jim McMillian, who must contribute significantly if Los Angeles hopes to put up a strong defense of its Pacific title.

Like Chamberlain, Warrior Center Nate Thurmond is in top condition. That is good news for the Warriors, who can use it. Owner Franklin Mieuli, after attempting for years to make his club part of San Francisco's social scene, has finally given up and moved across the bay to Oakland where his team will be called the Golden State Warriors. Just how golden the Warriors will be depends on how much of a lift Cazzie Russell, acquired from New York for Jerry Lucas, gives the league's 15th worst offense.

The Rockets could not work out their dispute over arena rent in San Diego and blasted off to Houston, where Elvin Hayes, once all the rage when he played for the University of Houston, may save the franchise at the gate. But he remains, despite his extraordinary talents, a frequent liability on the floor. Rookie Coach Tex Winter has tried to persuade the Big E to play the all-round game of which he is capable and stop worrying about shooting (he fired off 40 field-goal attempts per game three times last year). Until Big E agrees, the Rockets may find they are lonely losers who have crash-landed in a strange town.

Portland, the most successful of last season's expansion teams, could be less impressive the second time around. The first prize in the NBA draft, Sidney Wicks, should enhance the Blazers' persistent fast break, but he will not replace the man who made it go last season, co-rookie of the year Geoff Petrie. Petrie will miss at least two months of the season due to knee surgery. To make matters worse, Portland traded starting Center Leroy Ellis to the Lakers and is left only with second-stringer Dale Schlueter and 7-foot rookie Bill Smith, who was famous for his on-court pugilism at Syracuse University. He may become better known in the pros for his lack of punch.



CONTINUED

# East

Virginia will be tough, but Gilmore and his hungry Colonels will consume the division like a few chunks of Kentucky fried chicken




Dismayed with coming so close to a title so many times, the Los Angeles Lakers fired Joe Mullaney at the end of last season. The coach promptly signed with the Kentucky Colonels—who are all keyed up after coming so close just once. The Colonels, who finished a distant second to Virginia in regular-season division play, beat the Squires in the playoffs and rolled on to the seventh game before losing the ABA championship to the Utah Stars. "The competitive spirit here makes us seem like a college team," Mullaney says, and what especially pleases him is the enthusiasm of his star student, 7'2" Artis Gilmore.

An unquestioned defensive standout as a collegian at Jacksonville, Gilmore demonstrated in preseason games that he can get to the basket with the ball, the evidence including a 38-point spree against Carolina and 30 more against Indiana's outmatched All-Star, Mel Daniels. Where the ABA previously made do with such smaller, outside-shooting centers as Daniels, Utah's Zelmo Beaty and the Colonels' own Dan Issel, Gilmore now symbolizes the league's coming of age, giving it at least one pivotman cut in the Russell-Chamberlain-Alcindor mold. Further, Gilmore frees the 6'9" Issel for the corner. Issel was the ABA's leading scorer as a rookie with a 29.9 average, and in his new role his defensive shortcomings will be less noticeable because of the shot-blocking big man looming up behind him.

Also equipped with sharpshooting Guards Louie Dampier and Darel Carrier, the Colonels may dispatch the rest of the division like so many pieces of Kentucky fried chicken. Virginia, pro basketball's highest-scoring team a year ago with a 123.27-point average, probably will go down with more difficulty than the others. Outstanding as Issel was, he shared rookie-of-the-year honors with Virginia's Charlie Scott, and Gilmore will get competition from exciting 6'6" Julius Erving of Massachusetts, who helps make the Squires one of the tougher teams around. "Julius is too quick for big forwards to guard and too big for the small ones," says Coach Al Bianchi. In fact, if it were not for the Squires' sick list, the future would be even brighter. But veteran Ray Scott and Doug Moe are currently down with knee miseries, and Guard Mike Barrett is lost for the year with a damaged wrist.

In New York, meanwhile, Rick Barry reported to the Nets in strong shape for a change. But more than that, Coach Lou Carnesecca, after relying on five rookies last year, also is rapidly developing a team to go with his star. In particular, the improvement of 6'11" Center Bill Paultz is most encouraging. The Nets, who sold 42 season tickets two years ago, already have peddled close to 2,800 as they prepare to move three miles down the Hempstead Turnpike into suburban Long Island's new 18,000-seat Nassau Coliseum. With a natural rivalry against the NBA Knicks likely to develop in time, the Nets suddenly seem to be a solid franchise—if they can somehow keep Barry from the clutches of the Golden State Warriors, who have a claim on his services starting next year.

The Carolina Cougars find themselves in the situation the Nets occupied last year: the team comes equipped with one truly fine veteran and a flock of rookies. And the vet, speedy Forward Guard Joe Caldwell, is ailing. But the newcomers, notably Western Kentucky's Jim McDaniels, a 7-foot forward whose deadly outside shot seems to originate in the balcony, are of such quality that new Coach Tom Meschery can reasonably expect to avoid the club's last-place finish of a year ago and leapfrog both Pittsburgh and the Floridians. The Condors will get plenty of points from Cornerman George Carter and rugged John Brisker, while the Floridians look to Guards Mack Calvin and Larry Jones, whose combined 51.5-point average last season was the most prolific backcourt act in pro basketball history. After a housecleaning that left no players from the season before, the Florida club settled down in 1970-71 and played .500 ball the second half of the season. The Floridians go into this year with their roster virtually intact, reflecting the stability and guarded optimism that have come over the ABA in general.

# West

Basketball's closest battle is taking shape again. Last year it was Utah and Indiana, this year the Pacers might pull a reverse

Indiana and Utah clashed in 19 regular-season and playoff games last year. The Pacers scored 2,085 points in winning nine of those contests and the Western title by one game. The Stars scored 2,105 points to take the other 10. Their one-up margin came in the last game of the Indiana-Utah playoff series, after which the Stars surged on to defeat Kentucky for the ABA championship. Never has there been a closer race in the pros, and this season promises more of the same—a happy circumstance for both teams. Both struck box-office gold whenever they met last year.

With 10 days remaining in the exhibition season the Pacers were clear favorites for this year's division title. While Utah stood pretty much pat, Indiana bulged with new muscle in the front-court, most of it wrapped around the 235 pounds of college (Indiana) dropout George McGinnis. The Pacers already were loaded up front with Center Mel Daniels and Forwards Bob Netolicky and Roger Brown, but McGinnis is so strong and talented that Coach Bob Leonard tried moving Brown to guard during preseason games. Although the experiment was not an unqualified success, Brown may occasionally play in the backcourt, both to give McGinnis more game time and to shore up the guard corps, where the Pacers are either small or inexperienced. And this is not the only new job Brown may take on during the season: he also is favored to win a seat on the Indianapolis City Council in the November elections. Brown, whose icy on-court stare and far-from-conservative Fu Manchu mustache make him an intimidating player, is running as a Republican and hopes to bring two-party politics to the usually Democratic black community of Indianapolis. "I'm sure not doing it for the money," he says of the $3,600-a-year position.

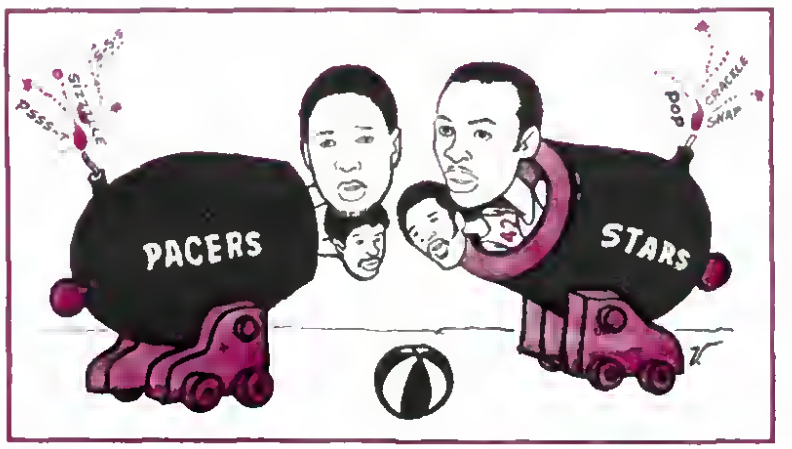
But Indiana may not be able to afford the luxury of a player-politician. Utah made one late—and large—change by signing All-League, 6' 4" Guard Jimmy Jones. Jones used to be a Memphis star, but that team's front office made a clerical error which allowed him to get away. The Pros failed to notify Jones in writing that they intended to pick up his option, and Jimmy achieved the status every veteran player dreams of—he was suddenly a free agent. He received $250,000 to join Utah and will combine with Glen Combs and Merv Jackson to give the Stars a deeper, bigger and better backcourt than Indiana. Utah cannot match the Pacers' front-court depth, but its starting line of Red Robbins, Zelmo Beaty and Willie Wise—who is now the ABA's best all-round forward—allows rookie Coach LaDell Andersen to match Indiana's first string.

The West's remaining three teams are outclassed by the two title contenders. Texas, *failed as a regional franchise*, changed its name back to Dallas and will play all its games around Big D. The new Chap Coach, Tom Nissalke, was the Milwaukee assistant during the Bucks' three-year building period, but there are no cornerstones like Kareem Jahbar in Dallas to start any construction with. The Chaps do have an excellent set of guards in Don Freeman and Steve Jones (another Memphis star turned free agent), and these two might be enough to give Dallas third place.

"Last year Denver was a disaster. It started with disaster and got worse," says new Rocket General Manager-Coach Alex Hannum. "The franchise went from top to bottom in one year. Now we turn it around—there's only one direction to go."

Indeed, Denver should go up a notch, perhaps two, now that future star Ralph Simpson is a season closer to maturity. But Hannum's toughest problem may be drawing people. The Rockets were once the darlings of Denver—before the Spencer Haywood fiasco and generally crude handling of the paying customers by Owner Bill Ringsby and his son, the former general manager, destroyed that affection.

Last season Memphis had a name problem: there were three Joneses on its roster. Now that the two best have been allowed to wander away, the Pros have a much worse name problem. Will Jones is still around, and so is husky Wendell Ladner, a surprise All-Star as a rookie last year, but almost nobody knows who they—or any of their teammates—are. The one exception is Maravichesque rookie Johnny Neumann, who quit the University of Mississippi after scoring 40.2 points a game as a sophomore. Unfortunately for Babe McCarthy, the marvelous coach who has three times brought his undermanned teams into the playoffs, Neumann is not the third coming of Bob Cousy, at least not yet. Thus, the only practical solution to Memphis problems came from team members themselves. They suggested a publicity stunt: have Center Gerald Govan, a good rebounder and defender who is not exactly a celebrity, change his name. Now that someone called Jahbar plays center in Milwaukee, the recommended new name is obvious: Lew Alcindor. **END**



# Beware, Little Big Man is here

## by Frank Deford

Surely the strange little man named Dick Motta—who never stops chasing those demons that the rest of us learn to accept—is a singular identity. It is not just that old business about throwing away the mold after making him. To perceive the strains of blood and nationality, early environment and the bizarre happenings that have shaped Motta is to understand that he has not been molded in the usual way, but rendered by the times as a new hybrid.

*Yet there are basketball general managers* walking about today, like schoolgirls mooning over some crush, saying how much they need A Motta, Another Motta, A New Motta, as if these commodities could be ordered from somewhere in various shapes and sizes, with two pair of pants or whitewalls. This is not only a tribute to Motta's success—which culminated this past season in his overwhelming selection as NBA Coach of the Year—but it also indicates a fascination with the man and the events that lifted him in the sort of upward mobility previously experienced only by those frogs lucky enough to get kissed by princesses. The NBA Coach of the Year never even made his high school varsity basketball team. Nor was it very long ago that he was turned down for the coaching post at Twin Falls (Idaho) High School when he tried to move up to a big job.

Now, after just three years as coach of the Chicago Bulls, Motta is not only Wonder Coach, but also the most intriguing personality in that line since Red Auerbach retired. His controversial antics and candor drive Commissioner Walter Kennedy to distraction, most often expressed in the form of stupendous fines. Motta's Mormon religion encourages, in the black basketball universe, racist allegations. But, ironically, Motta has an even more substantial tag now. One of the league's genuine superstars, a black, never fails to encounter Motta without saying, "Come and get me, little man." He means it literally: the Bulls *had the third-best record in the league* last year, although four of the eight regulars were expansion chattels, another was an outright waiver reject, and one of the starting guards had to double as the only reliable forward reserve.

The sum of these parts is that Motta is now the most secure coach in the business, perhaps even more secure than Kennedy or Chief Referee Mendy Rudolph, his other abiding nemesis. After the Texas Chaparrals of the ABA tried to spirit Motta away last spring with a spangled, long-term offer featuring a base salary more than double his old $25,000 Chicago figure, the Bulls countered with the kind of escalating package that might make Motta the best-paid coach in America. Only men like Don Shula or Ted Williams, who own pieces of their teams, are supposed to have better all-round deals.

Even the Establishment must rejoice in this happy tale, if only to celebrate the fact that a Motta can still happen. To believe in this is to see Dick Whittington turn back at the sound of the Bow Bells of London or to be there to watch Lana Turner adjust her sweater and take a prominent stool in Schwab's Pharmacy. Dr. Bob Biel, the Bulls' trainer, was at the preseason rookie camp that day in September 1968 when the unknown new coach arrived from Weber State to confront the pros. Right after practice Biel hustled to the telephone and called up Jerry Sloan, one of the few certified NBA players then on the Bulls' roster. "Jerry," Biel said, "you had better get here in shape. This guy is something else." Ultimately, the most accurate appraisal of Motta was that first warning: he is simply that, something else.

Motta was born near the Great Salt Lake on Sept. 3, 1931, on a farm near a town named Union, and he passed through high school without ever *considering horizons much beyond his* home. He went off to Utah State Agricultural College, up in Logan, only because a friend won a $100 Union Pacific scholarship and wanted company. The friend soon dropped out. Motta stayed on to graduate in 1953.

"I never knew how other people lived until I went to college," he says. "I never thought about college. I was just going to be a farmer. All Italians are farmers, that's all there is to it. Nothing else occurred to me."

At Utah State, Motta soon fell into an argument with an agriculture professor over the subject of hotbeds for growing pepper and tomato plants. The professor said hotbeds must be prepared such and such a way. Motta said they had hotbeds on his farm, and it wouldn't work that way. The incident is not insignificant. For one thing, Motta figured if that was the level of the agriculture department's instruction, he was wasting his time; he quit and became a physical education major. For another, his reaction to the confrontation, his first with the undisputed dogma and tradition of the outside world, is representative of his stand in the many subsequent conflicts of his life. If Motta believes he is right, cajolery or punishment only encourages him to hold firmer. For a time in the Air Force, for instance, he was accused of being one of

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CHICAGO





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three officers in that entire service not to pay $7 a month to join an officers club. Harassed unmercifully, he held his ground until the inspector general dropped the issue. So now all the fines and Dutch-uncle letters from Commissioner Kennedy are not going to stop Dick Motta from saying the officiating is lousy when he is convinced it is, any more than low grades and lectures were going to persuade him otherwise about hotbeds.

It does not seem that raw ambition has driven him so much as an intellectual curiosity to try his methods under all possible field conditions. Phil Johnson, his assistant at Utah's Weber State who is now rejoining him with the Bulls, remembers when Motta decided to leave college for the pros. "I didn't think he would go to Chicago. I asked him not to as a personal favor. We had it all there at Weber at last. And then he just up and quit. I suppose he had to do it. He told me—near the end when he had almost made up his mind—he told me this, and I knew he was leaving when he said it: 'Just what if, Phil? What if I do it the same way up there, the same way, and it works. What if?' "

Motta had seen only one or two pro games when he took the job.

At practice Motta assumes a number of peculiar stances, most of them lacking in structural integrity, none of them very attractive. For instance, he will stand at the end of the court, feet spread far apart, almost toppling forward. Or he will suddenly crouch, clutching his biceps with each opposite hand, as if he were cold. He is one of those rare little men who has no insecurities about scrunching himself up even smaller. But then, he is concentrating so hard that he obviously has no conception of how silly he might look in any posture. Sometimes he walks along, blowing air in and out in huge, affected gulps, or, for no better reason, baring his teeth like Bogart.

When Pat Williams took over as the Chicago general manager two years ago he called Motta once during a practice. Dr. Biel relayed the message that Williams was on the phone. Motta turned on Biel and snarled at his friend: "Listen, you tell him that there are only three times I will ever leave the practice floor: 1) if either of my parents die, 2) if my wife is sick, or 3) if my children are sick. Now you tell Williams that."

Although it seems out of place with the basic man, Motta will exhibit a sort of wild, dated melodrama at times around the court. Many people, including Pat Williams, admit that when they first saw Motta after a defeat they supposed that he was putting on. His eyes are glazed in these instances, his words bitten off (except where long strings of elementary profanity are indicated), and he appears frankly homicidal. In a way, Motta is a natural heir to Vince Lombardi, the extension, or modification, of that personality for the '70s. Motta, for instance, is a brutal taskmaster in the Lombardi tradition, but he also has a deft public-relations touch, loves crowds and understands sport as a business. He has a dry sense of humor and makes accommodations for the modern athlete. There are no training rules on the Chicago Bulls.

Motta utterly demands that his players reserve two hours of every day for the team. He conducts these sessions like a tyrant. His presence is sufficient for order; he needs no whistle for his giants any more than a chair or a whip. Dr. Biel refers to him as The Godfather on these occasions. Some of the players prefer (under their breaths) Tojo. "As much as anything," says Jerry Sloan, "his system works because we do what he tells us to do, and if we don't do what he tells us to do he raises hell."

Says Jimmy King, another guard: "Execution is the word. Maybe high schools are running the same plays, but nobody is executing them like the Chicago Bulls. We run plays every practice. We run every play to the end of the play. We run out the skeleton drills. That is what he strives for. We have so much confidence in our offense that we don't even try to fast-break. We never get a cheap basket. We wait for the defense to catch up and then pound it out. We know we will score. We have that much confidenee."

Requiring arduous, precise practice sessions of professional basketball players is nearly heretical, of course. As the common expression goes, many teams still "just shoot around awhile and then go in." For what it is worth, the Bulls' practices are most closely approximated by the champion Milwaukee Bucks, whose coach, Larry Costello, is the only other in the league besides Motta who coached in high school.

"They always ask me, was it tough coming in cold to coach the pros," Motta says. "Sure, I worried all summer about that first meeting. I was nervous as hell. But, look, when I faced my first seventh-grade class in Grace, Idaho I was nervous, too. I knew they were going to test me and they did. I replied with discipline. Yes, I probably hurt a kid's feelings once in a while, but I came through. And it was the same thing in high school and junior college. They're gonna test you. Hell, when I first went to Weber, I recruited Army and Navy veterans and old flunkouts, kids with a D average out of high school. When I was 29 I had kids playing for me almost as old as I was. I had to run a lot of them down the road, too, but in all my years in college and high school I only had one kid I didn't end up on good terms with.

"People still don't believe me when I say I coach these players. But you see, there's not that much difference between them and a junior high team. A hunch of 13-year-olds can get away from you as easily as a team of pros, and it works both ways. Many of the players in this league are grown-ups, rich men, but they're still spoiled, still 13 years old emotionally. They need guidance.

"So if I don't coach them, then what am I? And coaching is a fascinating thing. I couldn't do anything else. Oh, what it does to my emotions. And it's me; it's all me. I've never really watched anyone else coach. And unlike everybody I coach against, nobody ever coached me. Remember, I couldn't make the team. There are probably 5,000 high school coaches who know the Xs and Os better than me, the fundamentals, but I've never had a team that didn't put out, I've never had a team that didn't hustle. I don't know the reason for these things."

Motta left Utah State in 1954 to be a teacher. He took the best opportunity he could find, a junior high post in Grace. It is a farming community set in the middle of a valley somewhere near Pocatello. Motta was the seventh-grade homeroom teacher. He also taught all four boys' sports plus girls' basketball, and drove a school bus. He was paid $3,200 a year.

He lived in a boardinghouse, hung around the Spudnut Shop, and courted a high school senior named Janice Fra-

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ser, who was mostly impressed by the fact that he attended church regularly. He married Janice after school that summer of '54 and took her with him when he went into the Air Force. Since both of the Mottas are candid—in addition to being intensely devoted—it is reasonable to accept their assessments, made independently, that each married the other mostly because there was not a whole lot else to do around Grace. She had no idea what she was in for. "Things are never quite good enough for Dick," Janice says. "They always must be better. There always must be something else. You know, I think trouble likes to follow him—the feisty little devil."

They came back to Grace in the fall of 1956, after he was released from the Air Force, because there was no place else. "I was moved up to the high school," Motta says, "and they gave me the choice—coach football or basketball. There was a brand-new gym there, so I said, 'O.K., I'll take the basketball.' There was no other reason than that for me getting into the game."

That New Year's Day young Coach Motta called practice for eight in the morning. As 1957 dawned on the world of basketball, Bill Russell had just returned from the '56 Olympics in Australia to join Cousy and Sharman and Heinsohn on the Boston Celtics. Red Holzman, coach of the St. Louis Hawks, was about to be fired. Frank McGuire's North Carolina team had just won the Dixie Classic. The high school team in Grace, Idaho came to practice with snow on the ground and *Love Me Tender* at the top of the charts. The new coach smelled liquor on the breath of one of his starters and called him over. "You're off the team," he said.

The kid said, "When do I get back?"

The coach said, "Well, the way I work it, you don't get back."

"O.K.," the kid said, "then what about . . ." and he named all the other starters who had also broken training. One of them was the son of a local Mormon leader.

"Then they're off the team, too," the coach said. He was left with one senior, one junior and the rest sophomores.

If this seems inconsequential one must remember that there are vast segments of America where high school basketball is no trifling matter but a passion that heats the homes until the snows are gone. Grace (pop. 760) was one such place, and the town united in the conclusion that the convictions of a rinky-dink rookie coach who had never been good enough to play high school ball himself were hardly sufficient to wipe out the athletic flower of its youth. Entreaties, roundabout and otherwise, were directed at Motta and, that failing, booze bottles and beer cans were dumped on his lawn and live squawking chickens were hung by their necks at his door. He was not permitted to set foot in the only barbershop in town. Most of the high school rooted against its own team for the balance of the season, even though Motta somewhat muzzled the fervor of this campaign by leading his little band of reserves to second place in the league.

"He got the loyalty he needed to live on from those kids," says Phil Johnson, who was in that class—and a bench warmer on the team. "There are two kinds of kids who play for him. Those who love him, who really love him, and those who respect—I mean, well, even fear—him. The Grace thing wasn't unique. When he got to Weber there was a faction there in Ogden that was always mad at him. I guess that's the way it will always be with men like Dick."

Motta stayed at Grace two more years. He went 24-2 the second season, and then, when Johnson and the other seventh-graders grew up, he won the state title. Grace wouldn't give him a $1,000 raise, however, and he was turned down for the other jobs he applied for, so he had no alternative but to go to graduate school at Colorado State for a year. The next year he won the post at Weber State—then a junior college—and took three league titles in eight seasons, pushing Weber to prominence in the Big Sky Conference when it became a four-year college.

Motta had a 156-43 record at Weber but he received almost no recognition outside the state and precious little within Utah, which prizes its three old-line basketball powers, Utah, Utah State and Brigham Young. It was only about the time that Weber was at last invited to play in the NCAA championship that a man named Dick Klein, the Chicago Bulls' general manager—and 21% owner—showed up at Weber and met Motta on a player scouting patrol.

It was always difficult to divine what Klein was up to. In this case, he was apparently stunned to stumble on this fascinating little man, but equally convinced that Motta was not so commanding that he couldn't control him if Motta would become the Bulls' coach. To win him over, Klein promised Motta complete control of personnel and a vice-presidency if he succeeded. Essentially, Motta believed Klein, and Klein believed Klein, a horrendous miscalculation on both their parts. "I had to be crazy to take that job," Motta says from hindsight, "but it was even more ridiculous of Klein to offer it to me. There was no way he could hire me and put me in charge of a $4 or $5 million organization. Not if you think about it."

While Motta was never Saturday's hero, he was a capable little athlete. "Look," he says, directly, "I can do things. Everything is natural to me." At Utah State, Motta made his greatest mark in wrestling, after discovering the sport in a gym class; he became intramural champion, challenged the varsity man at his weight and beat him. At Grace, he introduced wrestling to the southern Idaho schools and it is now a recognized sport in the state. Motta seems more pleased with that accomplishment now than winning the state basketball title.

Motta's heritage from wrestling is a huge chest. He looks like he could probably lick the stuffing out of most of the men on his team a foot taller, although, as it is, he limits himself to whipping them in a beer chug-a-lug competition he promotes at the end of the preseason camp each fall.

Motta goes fishing back in Utah and Idaho in the off season, but even then basketball is the topic he prefers. "I don't read much or keep in touch," he says unabashedly. He cannot sleep, as a rule, for more than two or three hours at a stretch or, for that matter, two or three hours total for a whole night. As a consequence, wherever he is, Motta likes to have people around to talk to nights. "Almost every night on the road, I'm the one who is up with him till two in the morning," Dr. Biel says.

This devotion to profession does have something of a bizarre touch to it because of Pat Williams, who as general manager is just as hard-working and devoted as his coach. A teetotaling disciple of Bill Veeck, Williams is only 31, equal parts shrewdness and naiveté, and all telephone. He and Motta draw a cer-

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tain elixir of strength from their daily phone conversations.

"I've never seen anybody with a roller-coaster personality like Motta," Williams says. "He's always telling me: 'I've got to be surrounded by level-headed people.' That was his trouble for a while; he didn't have anybody to buffer him from himself. Now we've got myself, and we've got Bob Biel and Jack Fleming [the Bulls' radio announcer] traveling with him, and Phil Johnson, too. This will make it easier for me, since they can talk him out of quitting. I have had to devote a lot of my time to that. He can't sleep—and you should hear him snore, too—so he starts thinking some more and pretty soon he decides to quit." Janice Motta says that the time her husband appeared most serious about quitting was the night after Chicago beat Milwaukee for the only time last season, a game in which Motta's center, Tom Boerwinkle, got 33 rebounds and outplayed Lew Alcindor all over the court. This would seem to be a cause for rejoicing, but the longer Motta stayed up thinking about it, the more he wondered why Boerwinkle should not get 33 rebounds every night. So, naturally, he decided to quit.

"It takes a special kind of win to make him happy," Williams says. "Sometimes I don't know what to do with him. The second game last season, we throw the ball all around and lose to Philadelphia. Well, sure enough, about an hour after the game the phone rings. Now I know it's Dick. You know, it's 11 or 12 o'clock, and I just don't want to talk to him. So I let it ring and go to sleep. An hour later, it's him again, but I still won't pick it up.

"Next morning I go to the office, he's the first call. He says, 'Hello, get me a guard. I got to have somebody to bring the ball upcourt.' I said I would try. So then he said, 'All right, listen. There's a guy who used to play for me at Weber who could get the ball upcourt.' I asked who that was and Dick said his name was Sivulich. I said, 'Well, where is Sivulich?' And Dick says the last he heard, Sivulich was working in Detroit. I said, 'By the way, how old is Sivulich?' Dick said he must be about 33 by now, but he could still get the ball upcourt. I said, 'O.K., if I can find this 33-year-old named Sivulich working somewhere in Detroit, and if he can get the ball upcourt, then what do you do with him—

*continued*




# Can a person under 30 appreciate the Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight?

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Within the Ninety-Eight itself, a long list of GM safety features is provided for your protection. Some, like the seat and shoulder belts, are visible; but many more, like the steel side-guard beams in the doors, are not.

### A different kind of power.

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### A natural progression.

The Ninety-Eight is a car you're not likely to drive with the windows down, radio turned up and your elbow sticking out. There's an atmosphere of peace inside—a hospitality you can count on. Urging you to relax—and enjoy. And when you do, you'll find there's far more to a Ninety-Eight for you to enjoy.

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you know, on offense and defense?' He said: 'You let me worry about that.' He was dead serious.

"Then, just that day, right then, Matty Guokas became available at Philadelphia and Jimmy King at Cincinnati. We got them both, and Dick came to see me when he got back to Chicago, and he walked in and the first thing he said was: 'What am I going to do with all these guards?' "

While Motta and Williams share a gigantic respect and affection for each other, Klein and Motta were anathema almost from the first. As early as training camp Motta learned that he had no say in player transactions. Klein was perhaps even more shocked to find that the quiet little mountain yes-man he had discovered had the scratch and scramble of a city alley fighter. Motta carried his fight to the press, embarrassing Klein. Once after Klein sold one of his regulars, Motta threatened to throw a dollar bill on the floor and announce that the money would start at forward. Another time, he sent an ultimatum to Klein: trade Flynn Robinson by game time that night or get a new coach. Klein knew by then that Motta never fired anyone just for dramatic effect; within hours he had traded the uncooperative Robinson, the team's most popular player.

The internal feud with Klein never subsided. Finally the club's other owners forced Klein out of control the next summer, but much of Motta's energy in his first professional season had been wasted on the vendetta.

Considering the many facets of Motta, nothing is quite so novel about him as his candor. He has a habit of saying what he believes. "I operate on the theory that if you always tell the truth you don't have to remember anything," he says.

This sort of behavior has knocked everybody for a loop: the league seems to waver between amazement and outrage. The fans, on the other hand, are enthralled. Motta's off-season speaking schedule, with question-and-answer sessions that have been described as "awesome," has increased so that he has had to engage an agent. Reporters who encounter Motta for the first time often stare open-faced when he begins to spill out simple hard opinions as if he were giving the weather report. What do you think of Mendy Rudolph? "He's a dirty —— and you can quote me." Suppose an underground paper that prints that sort of language picks up the quote? "Fine, all right. There's not a bad word in my vocabulary that I haven't learned in the NBA, from the referees and other officials." And he goes on: this player was bad, that one undependable, this one let up, that one plays such rotten defense that the Bulls run all their plays at him. It is all there; just take out the pencils and jot it down. Many cannot bring themselves to. "A lot of reporters have been conned so long," Motta says, "they don't know the truth anymore. If I came out and said I had a game plan and three or four secret plays every game, hey—they'd print that stuff."

What most astonishes the press and the fans—and what often irritates the Bulls—is Motta's frankness in openly criticizing his players. He figures pro athletes are well-paid public figures who should learn to live with passing criticism or acclaim. In fact, of course, many are narcissists who cannot. Anyway, Motta explains his attitude:

"Players are like my family. People don't understand that. At halftime of one game in the playoffs I came in and called them cowards. I called them chicken. I called them yellow. And you want to know something? I was wrong. I saw the movies afterwards, and I was wrong. But I've spanked my son very hard sometimes, too, and I guess sometimes I was wrong in doing that. And if I was wrong, like this time, I said so. The point is, I spank my son but I still love him. I spank my son, I swear at the players—same thing. That wipes the slate clean. I guess that may be my greatest ability. I won't carry a grudge."

Where Motta runs into his more substantial conflicts is in an extension of this philosophy. As he loves his son and his team he loves the sport and the league, and he is as wounded by the NBA's shortcomings as he is when the Bulls or Kip Motta let him down. "I'm not half as hard on the officials as I am on my players," he says, a rationale that simply does not cut any ice in the league office, especially when a report comes in that he has spit on a ball before tossing it back to an official, or loudly used profane language that got the same point across.

Still, there is a consistency to even his most gross eruptions. Simple incom-

*continued*

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## MOTTA *continued*

petence on the part of an official only stirs rueful I-told-you-so head holdings from Motta. It is when he perceives injustice, prejudice, sloppiness or hypocrisy that he goes into his act. Obviously, much of this is self-serving (if he had a superstar, would he still bother to protest that they get special handling?), but his attitudes confound the NBA authorities.

Motta is convinced that the reason Mendy Rudolph is so often enraged at Motta is not that Motta calls him the most incredible names in the heat of an argument, but that Motta quietly calls out to Rudolph to hustle during the action. "I just tell him to do what he says officials are supposed to do in his book," Motta says. And why? It can only infuriate Rudolph. Similarly, what possessed Motta to declare a couple of years ago, "Fifth-place teams get fifth-rate officials"? That way he got both referees and the league on him. That was one of his first big lines, a $250 number.

In all the years that Red Auerbach was waving his prop cigar and accusing officials of blindness and one-sidedness, he never received fines approaching the $1,500 and $1,000 that Kennedy hit Motta with last season. Apparently, no matter what Auerbach said, Kennedy understood it was all a game, that old Red was just looking for a little edge so maybe next time the official's call would go his way. But what is Motta up to? "I'll put my life up against anybody," he says. "The way I live, the way I treat people. I don't think Walter can understand that. What does he want of me?" Perhaps Motta should only be flattered that the league has put a higher price on his honest rage than on the old-style histrionic storms.

There was a time last season, late at night, when he could not sleep and was wondering about such things as how to make basketball, or at least his team, perfect. "You know, what I'd really like to have is a talent," he mused. "What I'd like to be is someone like Glen Campbell. Or did you see Andy Williams at the game tonight? I thought about it. Wouldn't you like to be someone like him? You just stand up and sing, and do it so easily and naturally, just like we're sitting here talking. That would be some talent to have. And that's what I'd like to have, a talent."

In the case of Mr. Motta, that's being too modest. **END**



# Setting out for new horizons is one thing. Getting to them is another.

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Burlesque queen **Tempest Storm** is apparently as good at putting people on as she is at taking things off. During an appearance in Orlando, Fla., she was asked to predict the outcome of the Florida-Florida State football game. At first she refused, protesting that, "I'm an indoor sport girl." But finally she gave in and predicted a win for Florida State . . . by a score of 40-21-34.

Which reminds us that out in Tulsa an outdoor sports girl named **Mrs. Tom Ososkie,** wife of the defensive backfield coach at the University of Tulsa, got into the prediction game several weeks ago. She not only picked Tulsa, a four-touchdown underdog, to win against Arkansas, but guessed the correct score, 21-20. You really ought to get out more, Tempest.

**Gorfuokel,** a flying tiger-striped cat belonging to **Steve Smirnoff** of Anchorage, Alaska, is now eligible for the feline equivalent of the Admiral's Club. On a flight from Chicago to Anchorage, he escaped from his cage in the hold of a 747 and began pussyfooting around the innards of the plane. It took airline workers three weeks—during which Garfunkel logged about 100,000 miles—to get the cat lured out of wherever he was hiding and back on the ground. From now on Garfunkel's motto is eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may fly.

From the halls of Canberra Parliament to the cliffs of Dover's shore rang an outcry highly righteous o'er the **Duke of Edinburgh.** Prince Philip was named president of the Australian Conservation Foundation last week, prompting Labour Party Senator **Jim Keeffe** to remark, "I fail to see the value or necessity of appointing . . . a president who has his headquarters 10,000 miles away." That was all that was needed for a lively squabble to develop, with defenders citing the Duke's role as a conservationist. Besides, said the Foundation's director, the Duke has assured the Foundation that he will keep in touch and has asked that their bulletins be sent him twice a week. Well, that's one way to keep in touch.

♦ The next **Joe Namath** may already be warming up out in Omaha. This is 4-year-old **Lee Jacobsen** making points with pretty **Brijin Hubbard,** while his





teammates play their little hearts out in the background. We can already see it coming: a lemonade stand called Broadway Lee's.

It's-always-in-the-last-place-you-look dept. Businessman **Creed Blevins** of Kerrville, Texas hid a $100 bill in the barrel of his shotgun for safekeeping some weeks ago, then forgot all about it. When dove season opened recently—you guessed it. A search at the hunting spot later, when Blevins suddenly remembered what he had done with the bill, turned up 11 pieces of Ben Franklin in not-so-negotiable cash, but a little tape got it all together again, and the local bank presented Blevins with a crisp new C-note. He promised not to blow it all in one place next time.

The Custom Tailors Guild of America has spoken. **Arnold Palmer,** who has his own line of apparel on the market, and presumably dresses in it, has lost out to natty **Henry Aaron** as the Guild's choice for best-dressed sports figure in the country. If you want the name of a good tailor, Arnie . . .

You-Can-Lose-Them-All Award to **Mike Donohoe,** who was asked by the Atlanta Falcons to lose weight so that he could play tight end. Then just as Mike became what passes for lithe in football circles he was asked to beef up so that he could play tackle. Mike ate his heart out, only to get cut by the Falcons as a tackle . . . and then only to get brought back as, sure, a tight end.

• Obviously, the young man pictured here, 2½-year-old **Bart Hull,** would prefer to sit down and forget the whole thing, but his dad, Black Hawk star **Bobby Hull,** has other ideas as he and son Bart get out on the ice at Chicago Stadium for a practice session. His wife Joanne is in the stands, keeping cool. Now if Bart will just hurry up and earn a berth on the Hawks, we will have—with **Dennis Hull**—the first father-brother-son act in hockey history. Or is that brother-brother-nephew? Or maybe . . .

Wardrobe-wise, it has been a pretty good year. Show-biz retiree **Frank Sinatra** has sent a letter to all the professional football clubs asking for warmup jackets. So far, he has only one, from the Eagles. Why warmup jackets? "I'm a good sport," Frankie says.

To thine own self be true, as long as you can afford it. **Cartier's** in New York filled an order recently for a pair of gold dog tags studded with diamonds. The man who placed the order was Oakland Raiders Offensive Tackle **Bob Brown,** who requested that the diamonds spell out something simple in the way of a sentiment. He suggested the word "Superstar."

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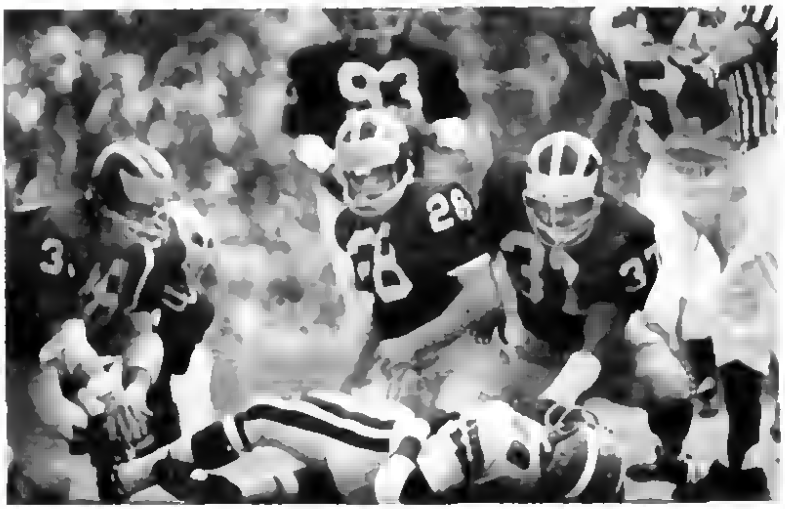
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# Nobody stands up to Michigan

**At least not the battered collection of losers the Wolverines have met so far, teams that barely manage to score, much less score upsets**



SHOWING COMPASSION, MICHIGAN'S DEFENSE INSPECTS THE DAMAGE IT WROUGHT

Ann Arbor sounds like a nice place to bring a girl named Ann but is a terrible place to bring a football team. A hitting and running group there known as Bo and the Wolverines (featuring the Mellow Men, the Wolfman, Big Ed and others) just destroys football teams.

No one has beaten a Bo Schembechler outfit in Michigan Stadium since early October 1969, and during the past two years the Michigan student cheering section has been able to relax in the first quarter and devote the rest of the afternoon to passing around captured cheerleaders and bottles of apple wine. In the last six games held in Ann Arbor the composite Michigan-opponents score is 272-6.

Last Saturday the unbeaten Wolverines were hospitable enough to offer the winless University of Illinois two touchdowns (one of which the Illini accepted) within the first two minutes, but still won handily. As Schembechler said afterward, "It is nice to have a game where you don't play as well as you can and still win 35-6."

It was an unusual Michigan game in two respects: Michigan passed and Michigan made mistakes. Schembechler's position on passing is the same as a rooster's on flying. He will do it only if forced. Schembechler's position on mistakes is that only the other team is allowed to make them. In the five games preceding Illinois the Wolverine defense had caused 23 turnovers while the Wolverine offense had suffered only five. Imagine the general consternation, then, when on the first play from scrimmage, sophomore Quarterback Tom Slade threw a pass and Illinois caught it, giving the Illini the ball on the Michigan 12. They scored in three plays. Quarterback Mike Wells—a placekicker who last year made eight of 10 field goals, some from far out, yet curiously only nine of 16 extra points—missed the extra point, but then Michigan came roaring back with a fumble, surrendering the ball on its 14. This time the defense held, and from then on Illinois netted 67 yards to Michigan's 355. Slade threw only six passes after his opening gaffe, but he completed five of them, and the second Michigan touchdown came on three straight pass plays, all completions, the third one a Slade-to-Glenn Doughty 19-yarder. As usual the big ground during the day was gained by senior Tailback Billy Taylor, whose 103 yards brought him within 85 of the Michigan career rushing record held by Ron Johnson, who presented Taylor with the blue suede shoes he runs in. Taylor was ably abetted by sophomore Fullback Big Ed Shuttlesworth, a 6'2", 237-pounder who reliably produces four yards and a cloud of linemen, and Doughty, a wingback who had been confined to blocking assignments all year. This time he ran and caught passes for three touchdowns.

As one-sided as it was, it was by far Michigan's sloppiest game, and the feat of advancing one's record to 6-0 by depressing another team's to 0-6 is not calculated to improve one's national standing. Illinois, trying to build, and Michigan, shooting for No. 1 ranking, ought to have each other's schedules this year. The Illini, having played five teams that are or have been ranked in the top 20, are better than their records indicate. The Wolverines, having played only one opponent of real repute so far—Northwestern, a 21-6 victim in the first week of the season—and with only two more coming up—Purdue and Ohio State—are probably better than they will have a chance to prove.

That would disappoint the Mellow Men: Taylor, Guard Reggie McKenzie, Doughty, Linebacker Mike Taylor (the best in the country, claims Schembechler), Safety Tom Darden, Defensive End Butch Carpenter and Split End Mike Oldham. They all live together off campus in a white house known as the den of the Mellow Men.

"We started hanging tight our freshman year," says McKenzie. "We all lived in the west quad, and everybody there was running around in a big controversy over pledging fraternities. So we decided to form our own group. To be a member, you had to have three jazz albums."

"We also set ourselves some goals," says Billy Taylor. "We were going to win a Big Ten championship, win the Rose Bowl, have an undefeated season and rank No. 1 in the nation."

As sophomores the Mellow Men and their teammates won the Big Ten title, but Schembechler suffered a heart attack the day before the Rose Bowl, and Michigan lost to Southern Cal 10-3.

continued

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As juniors they lost the title, the undefeated season and a shot at the national title to Ohio State at Columbus in the last game of the season. This year the Mellow Men don't plan to fall short in any *particulars*.

If they do, it won't be for lack of hitting. Schembechler likes to emphasize hitting. On defense this theme is perhaps best articulated by senior Defensive Back Frank Gusich, known as the Wolfman because that is the name of his position (some teams would call him the Ripper or the Monster). He is also called Superman, because when he changes into his head-busting clothes he is transformed from a mild-mannered, Mass-attending, nice person (he was elected last year to Churchmen's All-American) to a fellow who lives for the moment when he catches a fullback in the flat just looking up to catch a pass. At such a moment Gusich goes, as he puts it himself, "berserk." The fullback goes end-over-end.

For the offense, let McKenzie speak. "You can't shuck and jive, you can't lallygag" he says. "You got to hit." Searching for an analogy to the satisfaction he gets from really stunning someone, he says, "It's like . . . when you bite into a good piece of apple pie and say, 'Ohhhhhh, that's good.' Lots of times I'll be sitting talking, and I'll just get to shivering, from thinking about loving to hit."

During the week before the Michigan State game, the Spartan defensive tackle who was to play opposite McKenzie declared that if Michigan State didn't win he would eat a towel. Michigan State did prove more formidable than its reputation, but McKenzie's performance against the tackle was later graded at 92%, and Michigan won 24–13.

"I want to see him eat a towel," McKenzie was yelling after the game. "Hey Bo, can I go across the hall? I want to see him eat a towel." "Be humble in victory, Reggie," said Schembechler. "Michigan State did all the woofing," said Billy Taylor, "and we did all the whupping."

The Mellow Men do a good deal of woofing too, though. After the Illinois game—as they have after every game since they moved into the white house as juniors—the seven of them and their parents and brothers and sisters and nephews and friends and coaches and their parents' old PTA associates convened for "dinner at the den." Name tags reading "guest of the den" were distributed; fried chicken, barbecued ribs, green beans, turnip greens, cornbread, macaroni and cheese, chicken and rice, black-eyed peas, baked beans, sweet-potato pie, lemon pie and chocolate cake cooked by the parents and brought in from Detroit, Flint and Highland Park, Mich. as well as Cincinnati, Sandusky and Barberton, Ohio were hit almost as hard as the Illini had been. Mike Taylor's father danced to James Brown's *Hot Pants*. Carpenter's girl friend Pat Batson, a professional singer, was prevailed upon to sing her Mellow Men song, with Billy Taylor, McKenzie, Darden and Doughty moving and going "woom badoom awoom" in the background. Some of the words went like this:

"There's an endless giving of love and affection,

"And if you're lost, they'll give you directions—

"Take a boat or a plane, a jet or a train,

"Turn the highway to dust, cut a class if you must,

"But go to the den, the den of the Mellow Men."

Just try telling that one to some of the football teams that have visited Ann Arbor recently.

## *THE WEEK*

**by LARRY KEITH**

### MIDWEST

1. NEBRASKA (6-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (5-0)
3. MICHIGAN (6-0)

Oklahoma proved that its offense is versatile as well as awesome. Colorado was geared for the wide stuff, so Quarterback Jack Mildren sent his runners off tackle and even dropped back to pass four times, which is one more than he had the previous two weeks in big wins over USC and Texas. The result was a 45–17 victory in a battle of Big Eight unbeatens and a school-record 670 yards total offense. That gives Oklahoma more than 1,600 yards in October games alone.

"Getting pretty exotic, aren't we?" said OU Coach Chuck Fairbanks of the passing wrinkle that netted two touchdowns and 172 yards. The Sooners settled it early by taking a 24–0 halftime lead. They had seven possessions in the first half, converting four into scores and losing three fumbles. Greg Pruitt, who twice went off left tackle for gains of 66 and 59 yards, improved on his 11-yard-per-carry average with 190 yards in 14 attempts. Joe Wylie, still favoring a sprained ankle that kept him out last week, played sparingly but still had 41 yards in six carries and caught a 68-yard scoring pass. "They have as much talent as any team I've ever seen," said Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder. His lone bright spot was Quarterback Ken Johnson, who completed 14 of 23 passes for 241 yards. Johnson was intercepted twice, however, and dumped three times for losses by reserve Tackle Lucious Selmon, who was astutely inserted for his pass rush ability.

It was old grads' week in Lincoln, and who should show up to plant a kiss on the Homecoming Queen at halftime but Johnny Carson, class of '49. "The way the Giants and Jets are playing, it's a treat to come out here and see a real football team in action," said H-e-r-e-'s John-ny! Nebraska walloped Kansas 55–0 as the Husker defense, known as the Black Shirts, recorded its second straight shutout of a Big Eight opponent and threw Kansas runners to the ground for minus 42 yards. Coach Bob Devaney told inquirers afterward, "There isn't much bad I can say about our team, but we'll think of something by Monday." It certainly won't be the rushing game, which had its best day of the year with 411 yards.

Ohio State remained unbeaten in the Big Ten with what Coach Woody Hayes called its top defensive showing of the year in a 27–7 victory over Indiana. Hayes could not say the same for the offense, but he is bound to be displeased when Ohio State is forced to pass 39 times. For the first time this year the Buckeyes survived a game without a serious injury.

Purdue scored after only 47 seconds of play when Otis Armstrong went 81 yards, then waited until the fourth quarter to score twice more, edging Northwestern 21–20. The Boilermakers are at the top of the Big Ten with Michigan and Ohio State, but until Darryl Stingley's 14-yard run and Mike Renie's conversion with 1:30 left, they didn't look as if they would make it.

After seven consecutive losing seasons Wisconsin appears to have a winner. The Badgers upset disappointing Michigan State 31–28 on Roger Jaeger's late field goal to up their record to 3-2-1. "We've finally won the one we weren't supposed to," said Coach

*continued*

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John Jardine. In a losing cause, Eric (The Flea) Allen gained 247 yards and scored two touchdowns.

Toledo won its 29th straight, 35–24 over Western Michigan after trailing 21–7 well into the third quarter. "I was scared for the first time in my career here," said senior Safetyman John Saunders. Quarterback Chuck Ealey threw four touchdown passes, broke five Mid-American Conference records and tied a sixth. His afternoon's work showed 23 completions in 42 attempts for 381 yards plus 11 more rushing.

Notre Dame, which has allowed only two touchdowns in five games, shut out high-scoring North Carolina 16–0. The Irish continued to have offensive problems, as they went inside the eight-yard line four times without scoring a touchdown. Their lone touchdown came on a short fourth-quarter pass to Tom Gatewood, who broke Jim Seymour's career reception record. "There's no rule in football that requires a certain number of points to win," said Ara Parseghian afterward, with a look toward the national rankings.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (5-0)
2. DARTMOUTH (4-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (5-1)

Unbeaten Dartmouth was a heavy favorite against winless Brown, which has not defeated the Indians since 1955. Held scoreless after the first quarter, Dartmouth squeaked to a 10–7 victory. The Bruins outgained their classier opponent, only to be stymied by two interceptions and two fumbles. It was Dartmouth's 13th win in a row.

West Virginia got five touchdowns from the fullback position in a 44–21 defeat of East Carolina. Pete Wood scored three times, and substitute Brian Chiles twice. Four of the touchdowns were set up by pass interceptions.

Cornell remained unbeaten with its fourth victory, 21–16 over Harvard, but it wasn't secured until Steve Lahr intercepted a Crimson pass with 37 seconds remaining. Ed Marinaro, as usual, provided a big chunk of the Big Red offense with 146 yards in 32 carries, including a 15-yard touchdown run. It has been 20 years since Cornell won its opening four games.

Columbia defeated Yale 15–14 for the first time in six years, the win coming on a touchdown and two-point conversion with 1:36 left. Bill Irish scored the TD on a five-yard pass from Don Jackson, and Mike Jones caught a halfback toss from John Sefcik for the two-pointer. Yale moved the ball effectively on the ground, but three of its 10 passes were intercepted.

Delaware is in the college-division category, which makes its games against the majors all the more interesting. The Blue Hens had already defeated Villanova; last week they routed Rutgers 48–7 to run their record to 5-0. Senior Fullback Bill Armstrong was awarded the game ball after scoring two touchdowns in a three-touchdown explosion before the game was 11 minutes old. "He's an Eddie Stanky type of guy," Coach Tubby Raymond said in an attempt at praise. "Who's Eddie Stanky?" Armstrong asked.

Princeton finally brought its six-game losing streak to an end with a surprising 35–12 victory over Colgate. The Tigers stormed to a 21–0 halftime lead and totaled 442 yards in a superb offensive showing geared by sophomore Jim Flynn, who made his first start of the season. Hank Bjorklund moved to within 45 yards of Dick Kazmaier's career rushing record by gaining 196 yards on 28 carries.

Gary Wichard who, Y. A. Tittle says, is the best quarterback in college football, completed 18 of 29 passes for 359 yards and five touchdowns in only three quarters of C. W. Post's 43–7 victory over Gettysburg.

Penn Coach Harry Gamble watched in agony as his Lafayette team of last year upset the Quakers 17–15. It was the Leopards' first victory over the Quakers since 1923. Joe Wilson scored three touchdowns, two on runs of better than 50 yards, as Holy Cross whipped Boston University 28–14. He gained 168 yards overall.

## SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (6-0)
2. AUBURN (5-0)
3. GEORGIA (6-0)

Alabama's new Wishbone offense survived what should be its most crucial test of the year. Tennessee, the best defensive team in the Southeastern Conference, fared little better than the Tide's previous victims against a backfield that has all four starters among the Top Ten SEC rushers. Alabama romped to a 32–15 victory, with 283 yards on the ground. "They made us do some things we didn't want to do," said Bear Bryant. "We had to run outside too much." All did not go according to plan for the Volunteers, either, who made eight turnovers. Tennessee was losing by only one touchdown with four minutes to go, but it gave up the ball on downs at its 25, and the Tide broke the game open. Johnny Musso gained 115 yards in 22 carries, and Quarterback Terry Davis completed three of five passes, two of them to David Bailey for TDs.

At 11 p.m. last Friday the entire University of Florida football team gathered at the 50-yard line of dark Florida Field in Gainesville. The players had plenty to talk about. Their 0-5 record for one, visiting Florida State's 5-0 record for another. "Everybody had his say, and a lot of it was pretty personal," said Captain Tommy Durrance. The next day the inspired Gators pulled a 17–15 upset as usually pass-minded John Reaves went to the air only 11 times, completing four. The first Florida touchdown concluded a 15-play, 75-yard drive in which not a pass was thrown. "This was the best victory we've ever had," said Tailback Durrance, voted the game's Most Valuable Player. As it was, Florida had to withstand a furious assault by State Quarterback Gary Huff, who almost pulled it out.

Auburn remained unbeaten, but only by scoring 25 points in the fourth quarter to erase a 7–6 deficit to Georgia Tech. Quarterback Pat Sullivan triggered the 31–14 comeback win as he completed 25 of 34 passes for 281 yards and three touchdowns. During one second-half stretch he hit 13 straight. There was also opportunity for running heroics as Tommy Lowry, a five-year man who had not planned to play this year and at best figured to be a reserve, gained 103 yards and caught two passes. The largest football crowd ever in Georgia, 60,204, gave Tech Coach Bud Carson the boo treatment again. "I'm the head coach, I get the blame," he said stoically.

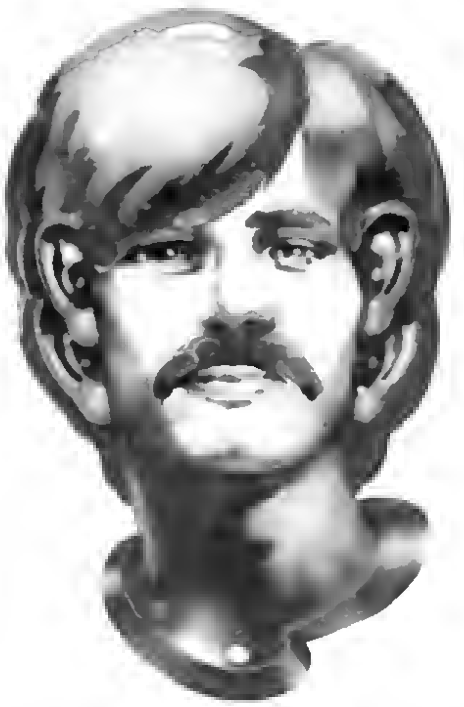
Georgia continued to roll, with a 24–0 victory over uninspired Vanderbilt as Quarterback Andy Johnson scored twice. LSU had it tougher than expected from Kentucky but survived 17–13. Tulane won its second straight by blasting Pitt 33–8. Steve Barrios became the first Green Wave receiver to gain 1,000 yards in a career. After missing the first four games he now has six catches and a 31.1-yard average.

Three times this year, Duke's Ernie Jackson has been the Atlantic Coast Conference Defensive Player of the Week. Against N.C. State, Jackson moved to offense, where he scored twice and averaged a creditable four yards a try on 14 carries. "I hope they don't keep me there," said Jackson. "I'd rather stick to defense." The Blue Devils won 41–13, but the injury situation that has made Jackson one of several two-way performers remains critical. South Carolina had an easy 35–6 win over Maryland, but the losers made it interesting as Jeff Shugars entered the game at quarterback in the fourth quarter and completed 14 of 27 passes.

Wake Forest continued to puzzle. The enigmatic Deacons followed last week's stunning loss to North Carolina State by de-

*continued*

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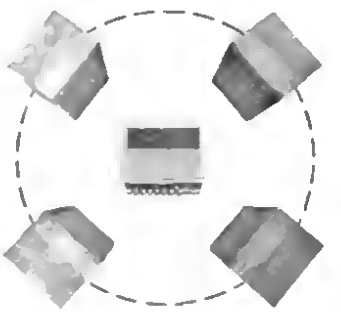
The number of channels in a multichannel system has nothing to do with the number of your ears. Theoretically, the more channels the better. There have been wide-screen movies with as many as eight channels on their sound track. But four channels, reproduced by four correctly placed speakers, seem to be the practical optimum for home use.

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In any case, if you care enough about music to have gone from mono to stereo, you'll sooner or later graduate to 4-channel. It's just a question of time, rather than the number of your ears.



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feating a once-beaten Tulsa team that had upset Arkansas. The Deacons scored on seven of their first eight possessions en route to a 51–21 shellacking, and the one failure was a fumble at the goal line. Larry Hopkins rushed for 230 yards in 35 carries. The point total was the highest for a Wake Forest team in 20 years.

Grambling defeated Mississippi Valley State 25–15 for Coach Eddie Robinson's 200th career victory. In a switch on the familiar routine, President Nixon called him *before* the game.

## WEST

1. STANFORD (5-1)
2. AIR FORCE (4-1)
3. ARIZONA STATE (4-1)

Stanford appeared to have a lock on its second straight Pacific Eight championship and Rose Bowl appearance following Saturday night's 33–18 victory over Southern California. The Indians did it with a Trojan weapon, the Power I. USC's John McKay said he knew how to stop it ("You just tackle the man with the ball. It's not difficult"), but apparently his players didn't. The Stanford offense was not overwhelming statistically, but it did control the ball, 82 plays to 56, and the Thunder Chickens were in control when USC had possession. They allowed 88 yards rushing and held Jimmy Jones to three completions in eight passes for two yards before retiring. "The Thunder Chickens ate you up," Stanford Assistant Coach Jack Christiansen yelled at the downcast losers afterward. The Trojans, who trailed 7–0 after the first Stanford possession, did not get on the scoreboard until the fourth quarter. By then McKay was counting as lost another Rose Bowl opportunity in another disappointing year.

When Oregon played Washington last year the Ducks lost 25–23 after a late fumble gave Steve Wiezbowski a short field goal opportunity. Last week Oregon was leading 23–21 when Washington again took over on a fumble in the final two minutes. Only this year Wiezbowski missed the kick from the 21 (he missed earlier from the 23), and the Ducks were saved. The fault was not all Wiezbowski's, of course. Washington got off to a 14–0 lead and couldn't gain one yard when it would have given them a three-touchdown advantage.

Through the first three quarters Sonny Sixkiller passed only 13 times, completing two. He opened up in the final period, but Oregon held on. Bobby Moore, Oregon's fine back from Washington (Sixkiller is from Oregon) became the school's all-time leading rusher by gaining 101 yards in 21 carries for 1,903 overall. "Losing this game makes me madder than hell," said Coach Jim Owens after his club dropped its second straight and fell out of Rose Bowl contention.

The recent history of the Oregon State-Arizona State series softens the impact of the Beavers' 24–18 victory that ended the Sun Devils' 21-game winning streak. After all, OSU has won the last five meetings during a period in which Arizona State has won 43 of 52 games. "Their strength is against our weakness," explained Coach Frank Kush. "They have it on us physically. We may have more skilled players, but we can't cope with their size."

Kush figured his team was due to lose before the season was over, anyway. "This team is not as good as the one we had last year. That club had much better balance and a much better passing game. We've got good receivers, but we can't get the ball to them."

Arizona State trailed 10–0 but tied the game after three quarters. Then Oregon State Fullback Dave Schilling, who gained 157 yards in 47 carries, scored his second and third touchdowns of the game to break it open. During his busy afternoon Schilling surpassed the school's all-time rushing record of 2,233 yards. The victory evened the Beavers' record at 3-3 and came a day before Dee Andros' 47th birthday.

It was a bad day all 'round for Arizona fans as UCLA defeated the University of Arizona 28–12. The Bruins gained 346 yards rushing while their defense tossed Arizona ballcarriers for 64 yards in losses.

California edged Washington State 24–23 on a 20-yard field goal by Ray Wersching with 1:06 remaining. Air Force, which hasn't lost to a rival service academy since 1967, defeated Army 20–7. New Mexico Quarterback Rocky Long ran for touchdowns of six, 10 and 33 yards to give the Lobos a 21–21 tie with San Jose State. The Californians jumped to a two-touchdown lead before Long got New Mexico moving. It was the Lobos' second straight tie.

## SOUTHWEST

1. ARKANSAS (5-1)
2. TEXAS (3-2)
3. HOUSTON (4-1)

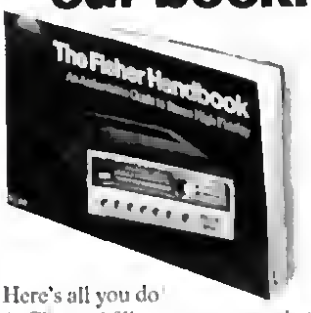
Texas, beaten the week before by the monstrous Oklahoma running game, fared no better against the Arkansas passing attack as it lost its second in a row for the first time since 1967. Hog Quarterback Joe Ferguson passed for three touchdowns in the

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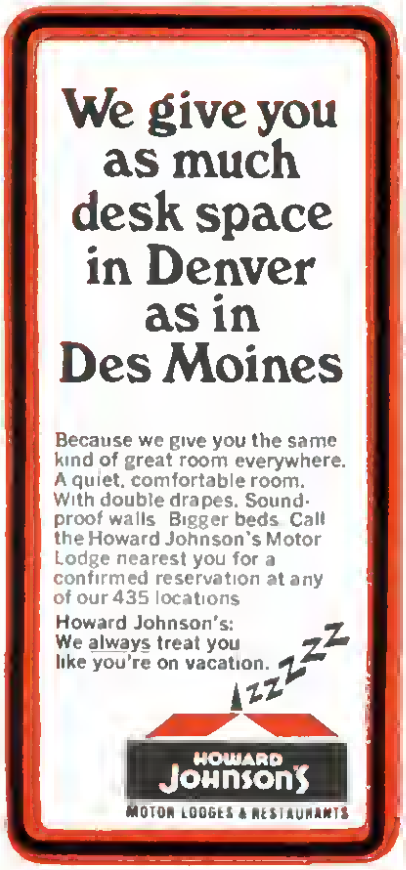
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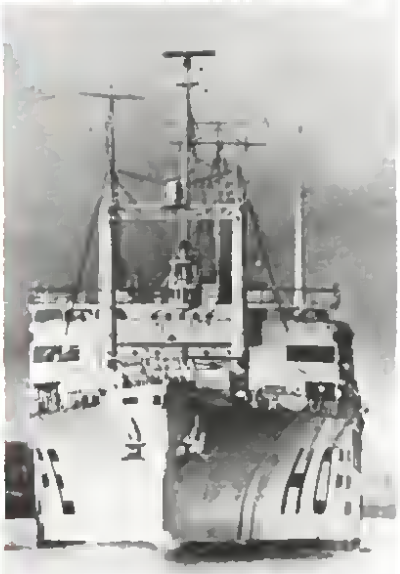
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31–7 win, twice to Tight End Bobby Nichols on fourth-down plays inside the five. "There is something about football which allows you to use up the bitterness in your craw that comes from losing several years in a row," said Darrell Royal of the Oklahoma and Arkansas losses. "That's what we've seen the last two weeks, and they had the people to do it."

Royal was 3-0 in Little Rock, and Texas had not lost there since 1955. Even though the Longhorns scored first to lead 7–0, they proved again they are not the same team, offensively at least, without Wishbone-master Eddie Phillips at quarterback. The Texas offense was impotent, and Ferguson made Arkansas' overwhelming. He completed 14 of 24 passes for 249 yards, and the 21–7 intermission lead might have been just half the story were it not for a heavy second-half rain. The Razorbacks had 451 yards total offense, a 30-year high against Texas. Arkansas now has the Cotton Bowl trip virtually assured, and the Longhorns have their first Southwest Conference loss in 22 games. "Now," said Coach Frank Broyles, "I don't have to wait until next year."

There has been discord in Lubbock, where the fans prefer Joe Barnes at quarterback and Texas Tech Coach Jim Carlen prefers to make the decisions. His choice is Charles Napper. The Red Raiders led Boston College 7–0 midway through the fourth quarter when Carlen sent Barnes in for the first time. Barnes ran a quarterback draw and went 26 yards for the touchdown as Tech posted a 14–6 victory.

Houston Quarterback Gary Mullins became the Cougars' alltime total-offense leader with 3,674 yards in a 42–9 romp past Villanova. He scored twice and threw a touchdown pass. The Houston defense got to the Villanova quarterback 11 times and pulled in five interceptions.

Texas Christian defeated Texas A&M 14–3 as Bill Sadler scored two second-quarter touchdowns. The showing made up for two fumbles, one at his own 30, the other at the A&M seven. SMU beat Rice 16–10.

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE LINEMAN:** Defensive End Walt Patulski led the Notre Dame defense that extended its unscored-on string to 14 quarters. The 6′ 6″, 260-pound senior made 11 tackles, two of them inside the five, and forced a fumble.

**THE BACK:** Auburn Quarterback Pat Sullivan had his most impressive game of the year in the Tigers' victory over Georgia Tech. His three touchdown passes give him 10 for the season as he bids for the Heisman Trophy.

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# The Ice-Cream Man Cometh

**He is George Allen, who came to Washington from L.A. to coach the anemic Redskins. So how are they doing? So they haven't lost yet**

Edward Bennett Williams is having fun at last. He is the president of a group that calls itself the Over The Hill Gang, and it is a joy. You would not believe the plane ride back from Dallas, says Williams. He led the gang in some wild hymn singing ("Gimme that old time religion, Gimme that old time religion . . .") and eavesdropped as they kidded each other about what a miserable bunch of refugees they were, how they had been brought together in desperation through the common bond of tired blood by their beloved coach, who is known as "Ice Cream," for this one last bank job. They sang a paean to their coach. It went, "Hoo-ray for Ice Cream, Hoo-ray for Ice Cream. He's a horse's ---" Williams was delighted. Ice Cream smiled in that handsome, clenched-teeth way of his and said they could call him whatever they liked as long as they kept winning.

Winning, of course, is what it's all about. Edward Bennett Williams knows about winning. Edward Bennett Williams (the name is respectfully strung together that way, except when he's with the gang; he likes the gang to call him Ed) is the high-powered Washington attorney who was first in his class at Holy Cross, first in his class at Georgetown Law School and famous for his relentless pursuit of justice on behalf of such clients as James Hoffa, Senator Thomas Dodd, Bobby Baker and Adam Clayton Powell. His voice has rung in the chambers of the Supreme Court. Until now, he usually got a catch in it when he talked about the Washington Redskins.

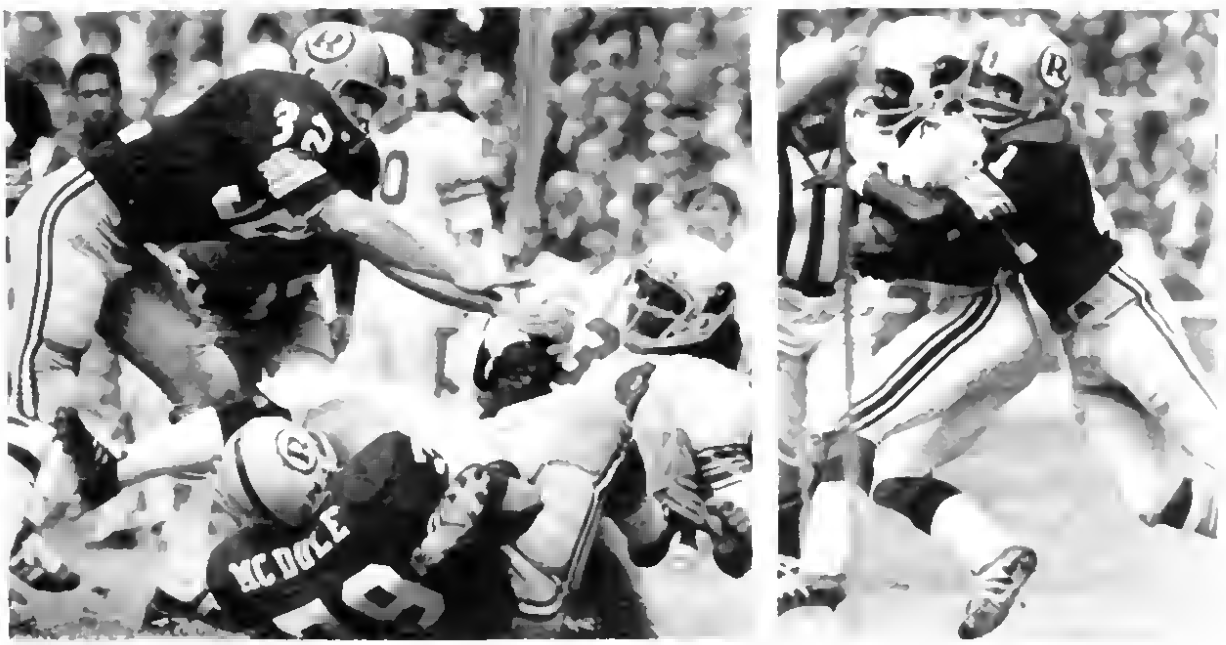
"I've tried it both ways. Winning is better," said Williams last week as he awaited—as breathlessly as the rest of Washington—the game with the St. Louis Cardinals that was to be the Over The Hill Gang's fifth straight victory. The Redskins have not started a season in such grand style since 1940.

"People are tired of hearing 'building' around here," Williams said. "They haven't had a football championship since 1945. They haven't seen a World Series since 1933. When the Senators left town last month it shook people up. Now we've come along and it's like a revival meeting. Everybody's with it. You can have all kinds of cultural centers and parks, but it takes the excitement of a winning sports team to pull a city together. It's the great common denominator.

"The President sends messages [he also arranged an open-phone radio hookup to get the Dallas game to his Key Biscayne retreat]. The mayor has been out to practice to talk to the team. There was a full-page ad in all the papers—a business expressing its appreciation. REDSKINS, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, it said. You should have seen the crowd at the airport when we got back from beating Dallas. Eight thousand people. The cars were backed up five miles.

"Everybody wants tickets to the games. We could sell 100,000 seats if we had them. I don't have room in my box for enough people. I can't keep Ed

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Muskie away. Ethel and the kids were there Sunday. Chief Justice Warren was bubbling. My wife says she can't go anywhere without being stopped by people wanting to talk about the Redskins. When the man came to fix the refrigerator, he said he'd fix it if she'd give him two tickets."

Football—the Redskins—has been the one great frustration of Edward Bennett Williams' extraordinary life. At first, he said, he thought he would succeed as rapidly as he had in other areas. That was in 1965. Then he realized it would take a while. Then he began to wonder. Wonder led to desperation. Desperation earned him his nickname: "Panic Button." Before he hired Vince Lombardi, he had coaches like Otto Graham. Graham had a way with words. When the team lost to the Colts 35–0 one year, Otto was told that President Johnson was in the stands. "Next time tell him to stay home," said Otto. Edward Bennett Williams was appalled. Then, when Lombardi took over, Williams recalls, "I thought to myself, 'Nothing can stop us now.'" Lombardi died of cancer in 1970, and Williams admits he came close to "chucking it right there." A year (and one more coach) later the Rams made what Williams calls "that incredible mistake": they fired George Allen.

Panic Button first met Ice Cream on the beach at Waikiki in 1966. George Herbert Allen—no one ever stretches that one out; everybody calls him George, the players' best pal—was then in the midst of his first major reclamation project, rebuilding the Rams in the same unorthodox way he has now rebuilt the Redskins: through a lightning series of trades for veteran players, players with families, players who were not over 30 but *well* over 30. But players who, as Allen phrases it, are "winners" and "have character."

"We talked," said Williams, "and the more we talked the more I began to realize that we had the same convictions: the same commitment to excellence, the same impatience with anyone who gets distracted, the same total immersion in the problem at hand. When I'm on a case, I become obsessed with it. That's the way Allen is about football. I felt like I was talking to myself."

All similarities end there, of course, and neither man would pretend otherwise. Out of the office Williams is a man of the people, he rubs elbows, he has been known to bend his own. Allen is a milk drinker. At the end of practice he unwinds with a dish or two of ice cream. He also pops Gelusil. Allen is never really "out" of the office: his people are his players. He wows them with aphorisms ("The achiever is truly alive", "Winning is being totally prepared") and inspirational messages. Almost everything he says has been, or should be, on a wall somewhere.

After nine months in Washington, Allen has yet to see the sights, although he had dinner with the President at the White House. "It was a memorable evening for Mrs. Allen and me," he says. What did you eat? he was asked. "I don't remember," he says.

Williams gave Allen the kind of contract most coaches would not dare dream of: $125,000 a year for seven years, bonuses, chauffeur-driven car, house, ad infinitum. He also built him (in three months) a half-million dollar field house-and-office complex on six acres in the middle of a forest near Dulles Airport. There are two practice fields, one with artificial turf. Trees, now in fall foliage, ring the fields, hawks soar above. It is the perfect sylvan setting, with the Blue Ridge Mountains looming on the horizon, for the low-key Allen approach to dedicated-but-friendly practice.

The complex fairly hums with ambition. There are player comforts everywhere (weight rooms, handball court). The film room bulges with footage. Allen has duplicates made of every film that comes to him on loan from other teams. Sometimes the hum of intrigue can be heard. The week of the Dallas game a quarterback who had been cut by the Cowboys wound up in the Redskin camp. Actually, his father had called and asked for the tryout, but while he was there the quarterback had some interesting things to say about the Dallas offense. Naturally, the Redskins listened.

Allen is famous for listening. It is one of the things that separates him from Lombardi. Says Williams, "He is still striving. He has not reached Olympus yet." The Allen way to do it is to expend energy and money in vast quantities. "I have given him an unlimited budget," says Williams, "and he's already exceeded it."

Last week, before the St. Louis game, Allen, as usual, was at his complex in the woods from morning to midnight: he thinks it is the only way to get the

*continued*

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edge. "I'll be working here late at night," he said, "and I'll call a coach, and he won't be in, and I think, 'Uh-oh. He doesn't love his job.' " Allen fidgeted in his chair as a visitor dragged the conversation out. Allen fingered a three-sided cardboard sign that he had had made and put on every desk in the complex. "I'm sitting here," he said, "and I'm looking at this sign, IS WHAT I AM DOING, OR ABOUT TO DO, GETTING US CLOSER TO OUR OBJECTIVE—WINNING? and I'm thinking, 'No.' "

He got up and walked to the window and looked out over the fields. "Shangri-La," he said. He turned around. He said he had read that morning where a coach threatened to fine a player if the player didn't come around. "I'll never do that," he said. "I would never punish a player to make him play." It has been duly noted in Washington that this is the most obvious difference from the Lombardian approach. With Lombardi, it was "Make me happy, we'll be happy." With Allen, it is "I'll make you happy, we'll be happy."

Upon arriving in Washington, Allen made the same basic promise he had made in Los Angeles: "The future is now." He said his goal was 10 victories (the last time the Redskins won 10 games was in 1942). He said he would, as always, stress defense. The Redskins' approach to defense was to get Sonny Jurgensen to throw four touchdown passes. Against the Giants last year, Washington scored 57 points in two games and lost them both. Allen said that would not happen again. Ever.

Then came the trades, 19 in all. It was the same pattern as in Los Angeles. Allen went for quality, regardless of how shopworn, and nary a rookie made the squad. Three of the Rams he got were players he had traded for the first time around: Running Back Tommy Mason, age 32; Safety Richie Petitbon, 33; Linebacker Myron Pottios, 32.

Another trade brought in John Wilbur, an offensive guard who was with Allen last year at Los Angeles. Wilbur has now been with four teams in two years. Along the line he was traded to St. Louis. He decided to quit. Allen sent out a feeler. He considers Wilbur one of those men of "character." Wilbur canceled his retirement. "Football is fun with Allen," he says. "I love the guy. He synthesizes in a team the importance of winning."

Wilbur noted the number of older players who work out *after* practice. "Every time you see Billy Kilmer walk out of here he's got three rolls of film under his arm," he says. Wilbur was very disturbed last week when some Ram players were quoted in a Washington paper criticizing Allen and his ways. Wilbur was moved to call his old friend, Merlin Olsen, in Los Angeles, and to tell him to knock it off. The Over The Hill Gang, said Wilbur, has absolutely no internal problems. "No troublemakers. No racial hang-ups. No psychological bad guys. No nothing."

It may be hard to pinpoint exactly when all this solidarity developed. The Redskins had an indifferent preseason; they looked enticingly beatable in exhibition games. But of this there has never been a doubt: Ice Cream Allen is a master at one-upmanship. He leaps like a panther on psychological opportunities. He exploits small openings. When the team came out for its first home game, he had all 40 players introduced. There was a seven-minute standing ovation at RFK Stadium. A very emotional scene. He called the television station that carried the game and had the introductions replayed the following morning, so the players could get that old-time religion all over again.

The incident that probably turned things around—certainly the one Allen pounced on the quickest—was the shoulder injury to Jurgensen in a late preseason game. At a press conference afterward a writer suggested that the season was over before it started. Allen, sipping a cup of milk, quivered with emotion. He talked of the greater challenge with Jurgensen out, the greater rewards. He talked of "pulling together." He even used a "damn" to expedite the message. Then he drained his cup.

The rest is recent history. Kilmer, after nine knock-around years, became quarterback-by-default and was suddenly exalted. His passing was more than adequate (he has thrown only two interceptions, and one was a carom off a Redskin's chest), his play-calling was masterful. He let runners like Larry Brown and Charley Harraway feel the ball. They responded. A run-pass balance developed, a balance missing over the years.

Actually, the offense didn't have to be too good because the old men on defense were brilliant. They held the Giants to three points in a very physical game (Allen asked that the Redskins "be physical"; they were penalized 173 yards). After five games, a defense that had been the worst in the NFL in 1970 was now the best in the conference. The specialty teams, always an Allen long suit, featured Speedy Duncan returning punts for more yardage in one game (65 against Houston) than the team got all last season.

The one nagging question was Jurgensen. Allen teams seem always to be loaded with gimmicks and superstitions, a reflection on the coach. This one is no exception. The cake from Duke Zeibert's *has* to be there on Thursday after practice; publicist Joe Blair *has* to wear his blue sports coat; the offensive line *has* to have its private meeting, with beers, on Friday night. As the team rallied around Kilmer, protecting him from harm ("I can tell how much better it is here than in New Orleans by the amount of time I don't have to spend in the whirlpool on Mondays," said Billy), Jurgensen became the symbol of past frustrations. Washington columnists resurrected all the times he had snubbed them. It was noted that he was a loner, that he didn't slap his fellow man on the backside with the frequency of the ebullient Kilmer, that he was not the "inspiration" John Unitas was. "It is not my style," said Sonny, and more or less clammed up. Allen did nothing to discourage the implications. The opposite is more the case.

Jurgensen, his shoulder mending, did not accompany the team on any road trips (the first three games were away). Why? "I was told to stay home," he says. When the Redskins played their first home game, Sonny was offered a ticket in the stands. The excuse was that he might get his arm jostled. Sonny said he would rather not go than be seen sitting in the stands. Allen relented. Jurgensen, in a raincoat, sat at one end of the bench for most of the Houston game.

"When the game was over," he said, "Diron Talbert came by and said to me, 'I guess you're not a jinx after all.' " Sonny smiled. "I guess that's what they've been thinking," he said. It has been reported that Jurgensen will be out another six weeks. He says he "could play in a week" if they really needed him. His shoulder is still not 100%, but it is not his passing arm. He says he would not expect to move right in on Kil-

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# The Bedroom Brunch

Sometimes the soft, slow moments of life get buried in the work-a-day hassle. And it takes a private, slow-motion sort of day to dig them all up again. There's a Do Not Disturb sign out to the rest of the world, maybe the phone off the hook, and Salty Dogs for two. Salty Dog—an icy blend of Smirnoff and grapefruit and orange juices, with a pinch of salt.

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mer ("Billy's done too good a job for that, and I'd rather work in gradually, anyway"), but now that the defense has jelled, and it wasn't second-and-eight all the time, "I'd like to be a part of it. God knows I've waited long enough." Jurgensen is 37. "Besides, I think I could help Billy on the sidelines."

Last Sunday Jurgensen was upstairs in the press box, sending his suggestions down by phone, as the Redskins, in what Allen called their best game of the year, beat the Cardinals 20–0. "Some people have thought we've been lucky," Allen said. "There was no luck today."

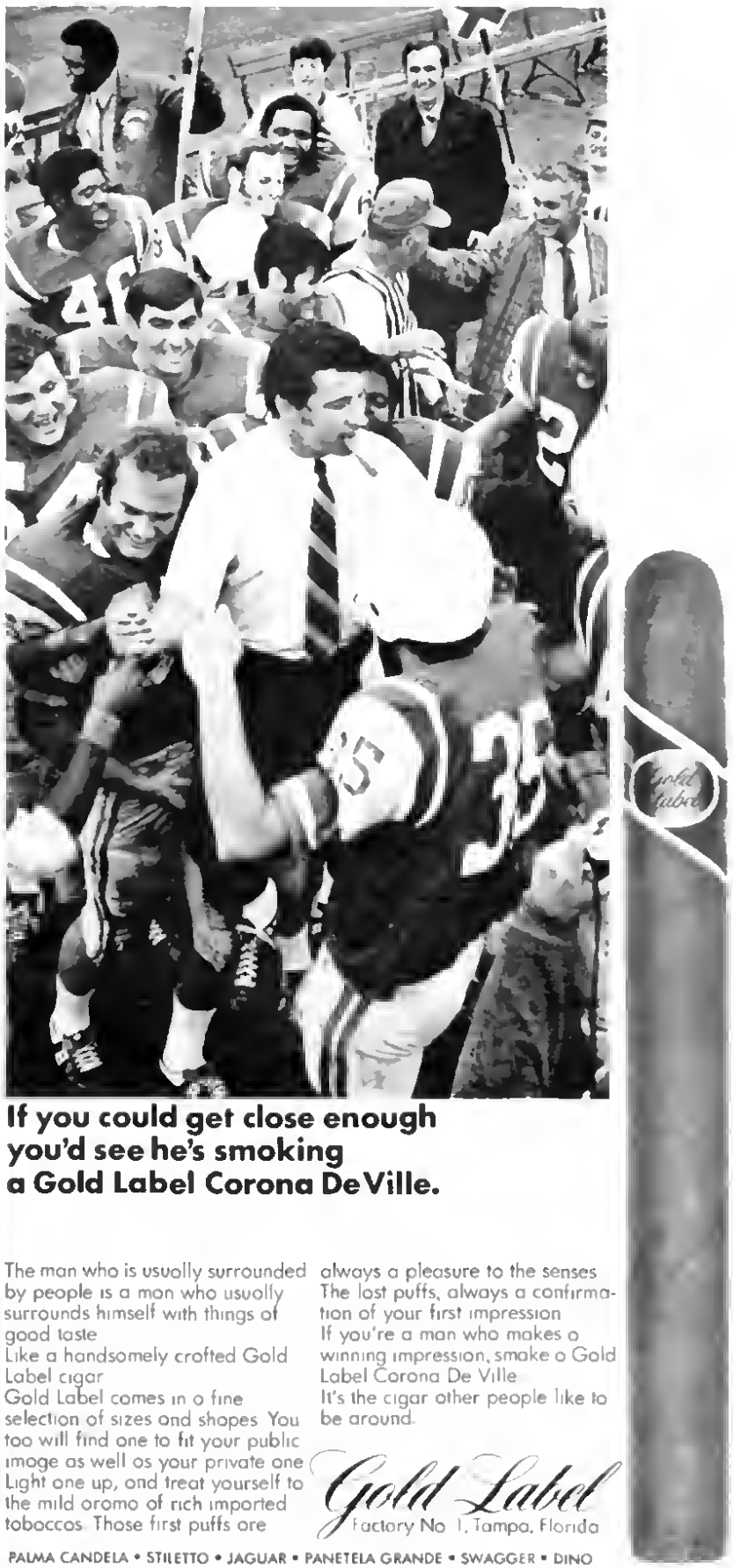
There wasn't. It was instead the defense—"the old geezers," Allen affectionately called them—that again provided the impetus for the win, causing seven turnovers (Allen aphorism: "If you take the ball away five times in this league, you should never lose"), holding the Cardinals to a net 25 yards rushing and keeping them from crossing midfield after the half. Three times in the second quarter, when Washington led only 10–0, it stopped Cardinal drives, recovering a fumble on the 26, intercepting on the 4, then, with 15 seconds left, recovering a fumble on the one.

So complete was Washington's control of the game that Kilmer, who was nine of 17 for 126 yards, had to throw only five times in the second half. "If I have to pass over 20 times in a game," he said later, "you know we're in a desperate situation. Heck, we don't have to throw with the runners we have." There were no desperate situations and Kilmer was content to use his runners, especially Brown, who carried 25 times for a personal high of 150 yards.

"It was our first real money game," Kilmer said. "It's the first time we had everything to lose and nothing to gain. Before we were underdogs. This week we were supposed to win."

To which Charley Taylor, who, Allen says, "looks beautiful just *walking* on the field," added: "Some week we'll go out and get our butts blown off, but no one will start pointing fingers. We have a family here like no other team in the league has. It's like this: a loss will only pull us closer."

With a two-game lead over Dallas, "the last coach I will ever hire," in Edward Bennett Williams' immortal words, could afford a touch more togetherness. Meanwhile, have a Good Humor on him, boys. **END**




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# *Sixteen flags over Texas*

While the pennants were flying in Baltimore and Pittsburgh, the flags of 16 nations fluttered at San Antonio, where 12 three-man teams and four individual representatives were competing in the Modern Pentathlon world championship.

The Hungarians have dominated the championship since 1963, losing only one individual and two team titles in that time. It was the Russians who handed them the last defeat, in 1969, and the Russians who did it to them again this year in Texas, where Hungary came in second and the U.S. finished third.

Russia took both the team competition and the individual championship, with 34-year-old Boris Onischenko, of Kiev, unseating Hungary's defending champion, Péter Kelemen. Onischenko did not win a single event, but turned in the overall high score of 5,206 to win his first world championship.

The opening event, a 1,000-meter ride across 20 obstacles, is, of all the pentathlon contests, the most chancy. So much depends upon the luck of the draw, not only for the order of the ride but for the horse. The competitor has only 20 minutes to get acquainted with a strange mount before he begins a ride against the clock over a smaller, but Olympic-style, course. At San Antonio the jumps were festively decorated (with flowers taken from a local cemetery), but the morning was rainy and the footing muddy. The morning competitors were thus at a disadvantage, and none of them more so than Claude Guiguet of France. He drew a horse named Jocko and promptly found himself sliding off a runaway. "He's going to fall in the mud," one spectator predicted. "No," said another. "It's going to be the cactus." Guiguet's was one of the quickest remounts in pentathlon history but, with a stirrup dangling, he was soon on the ground again. When the horse was finally caught, Guiguet had run out of time and was given no points. In any case, he was in no shape to continue. A cut on his leg required five stitches, and his hand was too swollen to hold a weapon in the upcoming events.

The winning rides came in the afternoon, and the end of the day found the U.S., which had drawn three of the best horses, in the lead, with Hungary second and the Soviet Union in seventh place. An unfortunate draw may have ultimately made the difference between a third and fourth place team finish for Germany, though Heiner Thade, who also ended up with Jocko, managed not only to stay on him, but to finish with a creditable 925 points.

The fencing competition on the second day lasted nearly 12 hours, as each of the 40 participants had to fence everyone else in a one-touch épée bout. Hans-Gunnar Liljenvall's win put Sweden into second place as Hungary moved into first and Russia to third. With these top three teams tightly bunched at 5,554, 5,478 and 5,423 points, the battle was obviously to be between Russia and Hungary again, not only for the team championship but for the individual honors.

Hungary's Andras Balczó, five times the individual world champion, had only moved up to 20th from 27th place—a bad ride on the previous morning had shaken him enough to show in his fencing—but his young teammate Zsigmond Villányi was in first.

Balczó began to look like his old self on the third day, sharing first place in pistol-shooting with Russia's Leonid Ivanov and Finland's Risto Hurme, but the Soviets' Boris Onischenko's consistently high performances had by this time put him into first place overall, where he was to remain. Young Villanyi finished second, with Balczó salvaging an impressive third after winning the 4,000-meter cross-country run on the last day.

The final team point standings were: Russia, 15,006, Hungary, 14,989 and the U.S. 14,635—another impressive third. It was this country's first medal in seven years.

A world championship is always colorful, but perhaps the most colorful person at this one was not an athlete but the U.S. Chief of Delegation, Mrs. William A. Hewitt, an accomplished horsewoman from East Moline, Ill. She strode about wearing a Japanese sports officer's cap on her red head, shouting impartial encouragement to the South African, Norwegian, U.S. and Japanese competitors. "I'm against nationalism in sport," she explained.

Mrs. Hewitt at one time hated the pentathlon, but some years ago on a visit to Japan she unexpectedly found herself the coach of that nation's pentathlon riders. Now her enthusiasm is such that she is stalking a fencing master to set up in business, hoping to improve U.S. performances in this event, in which it does so badly. She gives anyone interested the room to ride cross-country on her farm in East Moline, and has installed a pistol-shooting range.

She has firm ideas about athletes' diets, and in San Antonio almost got herself in trouble with the British coach by giving his cold-ridden contestants vitamins of her own concocting—he was afraid they might show up in the dope tests. "They need more sophisticated nutrition," she snorted. "Pentathletes shouldn't catch colds. I haven't had one myself for eight years, and I used to be very bronchial." On the other hand, she once managed to break an ankle feeding her tropical fish.

Mrs. Hewitt also has firm views about women engaging in a modern pentathlon, something which is under consideration, and she turned down a place on the rules committee. "Why should I help make rules for a sport I disapprove of? I dislike the idea of pistol-packin' mamas on the shooting range. Hand weapons are so unfeminine."

In a sport where many Chiefs of Delegation are more interested in protocol than in the athlete, Mrs. Hewitt puts the latter in first place, and will spend half the night pacing the floor worrying about them. "I think we should do everything to help a competitor better his performance, no matter what his country," she says. "That, to me, is the difference between honor and dishonor."

Mrs. Hewitt is the first U.S. woman to hold the post she filled in San Antonio in an all-male sport. She shapes up as an argument for not being the last. **END**



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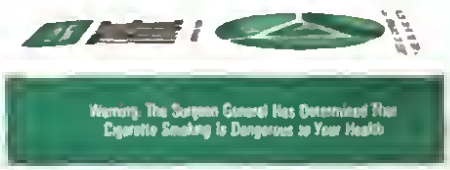
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# An old pro teaches the teachers

**The championship of the club pros was fought out last week, and—well, you all know Sam**

Among those who choose to teach golf at America's country clubs for a living you will not turn up an excess of free spirits. Most of them are hard-working men, short-haired, clean-shaven, courteous, who have disciplined themselves to serve their members. They itch to play but seldom have the chance. So put 252 club pros together in their own tournament, dangle an unprecedented $100,000 in prize money before them, throw in Sam Snead and you've got a scramble unlike just another humdrum installment of the regular pro tour.

Actually, it was unlike the sedate, old-fashioned Pinehurst Country Club to be holding a pro tournament at all. This was the first since 1951—too commercial, thought Pinehurst's then president, Dick Tufts, of the Boston Tufts, and vowed never to have another. Then last December Pinehurst—the club, the town, the works—was bought for $9 million by Diamondhead, a bustling New Jersey-based development corporation. So what's commercial? Certainly not the PGA Club Professional Championship.

For purposes of the tournament, a club pro was defined as someone with a legitimate club job who had not played in more than 11 tour events since the beginning of the year. Of course, not everyone at Pinehurst last week was the friendly neighborhood club pro. In addition to Snead there was on hand, briefly, Touchy Tommy Bolt, who stalked off the course in the middle of the second round grumbling something about a sore shoulder. There was Jerry Barber, the 1961 PGA champion, and Mike Souchak and half a dozen others who, not so long ago, were better known for winning tournaments than giving lessons. Most of those in the starting field, however, hardly counted on picking up the $15,000 first prize. They seldom get a chance to play enough to be able to produce good golf for 72 holes.

A prime example at Pinehurst was Ed Rubis. Ruhis, 46, is short and stocky. He is the head pro at the Chicopee Country Club, a public course in the industrial city of Chicopee, Mass., and he has problems.

"I'm lucky if I can sneak in nine holes late in the day twice a week," said Rubis on the eve of the tournament. "There's no such thing as a quick nine holes at my course. We had 42,000 rounds played by Labor Day. It takes so long that people come out with a picnic lunch and a six-pack. They've gone to a department store, bought a few clubs and they play in sneakers. They'll shoot something like 85 for nine holes. I say to them, 'Eighty-five for nine holes, isn't that enough golf for one day? Whyn't you go home?' No. They want to go on, and they finish with a score of 180. One day we had to take action. This girl came out to play with a friend. *She shot a 65 on the first hole!* We sent someone out to lead her off the course."

While it may stand as a world-record high for a par-4 hole, this sort of thing seemed to have had a debilitating effect on Rubis' game. He shot a 72-76 and missed the 36-hole cutoff.

Souchak and Barber seemed to have lost their competitive edge almost as thoroughly as Ed Rubis. Souchak is diligently at work becoming the Super Club Pro. In the summer he heads a staff of seven at the illustrious Oakland Hills Country Club in suburban Detroit, where the members are chiefly high-rollers from the auto industry, very few of whom play in sneakers, brandish department-store clubs or shoot 65 on a single hole. In the winter he is the pro at Innisbrook, a resort on the west coast of Florida.

"One morning in 1966 I woke up and realized how hard I'd been working on the tour all those years," said Mike, over a highball in the Carolina Hotel bar, interrupting himself to shout greetings at friends. "I knew I'd never be able to keep it up. Now I suppose I could play more than I do, but I'm too busy. I think it's important to get out to a couple of tournaments a year, especially if it's a great place like this, but I can't expect to do too well. I feel like a rookie, a regular rabbit." Unfortunately, he played like one, too, shooting a 15-over-par 301 to finished tied for 85th.

Barber, 55 years old, is head pro at the Griffith Park public course in Los Angeles, and he is busy turning himself into the superhustler of golf, merchandising division. Jerry arrived with two dozen putters of his own creating. He missed the cut, but off the course he had a very profitable few days. Since the second round of the Westchester Classic last July, where he finished with scores of 68, 68 and 277, Snead has been using a Barber putter, which seems to complement his peculiar crouching, side-saddle style. As Snead proceeded to shoot good scores at Pinehurst and lead the tournament, the other players gathered around Barber on the practice green in front of the clubhouse as if his putters were emitting blue sparks. He sold 21 on the spot and took orders for about 150 more.

As for the tournament, Snead seemed likely to stroll off with it, and the less notable club pros settled down to see who could grab off the second-place prize

*continued*



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money of $9,000. For the first two rounds the field of 252 alternated between Pinehurst's 7,051-yard long No. 2 course and its short 6,129-yard No. 1. After the cut had reduced this mob to 97 the final two rounds were played on No. 2.

That Snead is classified as a club pro this year is not to say he spends an awful lot of time giving lessons or hawking merchandise from behind a pro shop counter at the Greenbrier, his club in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. At home the 59-year-old Snead plays as much golf as any tournament regular and at Pinehurst he started out with a 67 on No. 2, followed by a 65 on No. 1. When everyone had played both courses and the relative scores could be shaken into place, there was Snead, with a three-shot lead. On the third day, his knobby face one continual scowl, he played some loose iron shots, made poor use of Barber's putter, shot 74 and so led by only a stroke over Stan Thirsk, a long-hitter from Shawnee Mission, Kans., who scored a 69.

Thirsk didn't think too much of his chances for first place. "I'll tell you," he said. "I'm just trying to get second, because there's no way I'm going to beat that old buzzard."

For a few moments on the third hole the final day, when Snead floundered from one trap to another on a 345-yard, par-4 hole and then three-putted for a double-bogey 6, it seemed that Thirsk might be wrong. But from then on old Sam hit some fairway woods that positively whirred, downed some good putts and pulled steadily away. Three groups up ahead was where the fight for second place finally settled. Thirsk, spraying his irons into rough sand and pines, began to make bogeys, and suddenly there were two New Yorkers, Jerry Steelsmith and Ron Letellier, playing the last hole for what Snead had left for the rest. Steelsmith parred the hole, Letellier birdied it with a seven-iron and a 10-foot putt and they tied for second at 280. Both players have served time on the pro tour, but their checks for $7,800 each were the largest either had ever earned in a tournament.

Snead was not apologetic about his victory. "Hell, I've been a club pro since before most of these fellows were born," he said, just before pocketing his check, climbing into a waiting Cadillac and heading off toward White Sulphur Springs. **END**

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**By taking sailboats out of traditional show setting—a crowded hall—and putting them afloat, Annapolis has launched a happy trend**

# They do go near the water

Step aboard and the diminutive 23-footer shies underfoot, tugging nervously at her mooring lines. Wind stirs the sales literature piled near the companionway, and, down below, her fiberglass hull amplifies the ripple of wavelets along the waterline as halyards beat a pleasant tattoo on the aluminum mast. Sunlight picks out highlights on sparkling chrome, and fresh October air ruddies the salesman's face. Fresh air? Wind? Water? Can this be a boat show? Yes, it can, and about time.

Consider the traditional indoor show that we have come to know and dread: boats rail to rail and hard aground on cold concrete; masts lopped off to fit beneath low ceilings, the dead feel of a deck locked fast in a cradled hull; the harsh lights and mechanical air; the drum of winter-shod hordes, sails filled by electric fans.

A year ago, at Annapolis, something came along called the United States Sailboat Show. Boats in water! It was a modest joy. By last week, second time around, it had become a major enticement. There were 340 cruising, racing and one-design sailboats from 15 countries in the water and at dockside, making it the largest species of a burgeoning new breed. Of this fleet 140 boats were fender to fender around the Annapolis town dock, an ancient place usually crowded at this season not with fiber glass, aluminum and teak, but with squadrons of motorized oyster dredgers and the rakish sailing oystermen called Skipjacks.

The show was for sailboats exclusively, as its title says. Understandably, since Chesapeake Bay has a sailboat density second to none in the U.S. From Back Creek to the Tred Avon, cruise any shore or up any of the bay's countless navigable creeks and a forest of masts meets the eye. Oh, there was a motorboat salesman or two at Annapolis, but they looked as ill at ease as bookies at the Maryland Hunt Cup. They will get their innings next year, when a powerboat show will follow the sailboat act.

Last week the smallest vessel for sale was a six-foot Atlantic Pixie dinghy, the largest a 58-foot Alden Boothbay Challenger with a $200,000 price tag. In between lay everything from handsome little anachronisms with funny names like Crotch Island Pinkie to ultra-new racing machines like the Cuthbertson and Cassian 36-R. And besides the boats, there were fittings galore.

The biggest boat not for sale was a sweetheart named *Southern Star*, 75 feet from bow to transom, designed by Bill Tripp (who died Thursday in New Haven, Conn. of injuries suffered in an auto accident) as a "maximum" ocean racer for Dr. Jim Mullen II of Heathsville, Va. She served as a floating showcase for the Barient winch people. Ordinarily Barient displays its winches indoors, where they glitter impotently. Mounted Annapolis style, they looked the way they should: purposeful and tough. And not cheap. One coffee grinder cost as much as a fully rigged 16-foot sailboat. On its grips one could almost see the hand prints of some gasping crewman.

To brokers the loveliest thing about Annapolis was that it sold boats. Right off in 1970, Patrick Hornberger of Interyacht had done some $160,000 worth of business. John Ray of Alcort, molders of the ubiquitous little Sunfish, skipped 1970 in the belief that indoor shows served better. "We quickly reassessed that position after we heard what went on down here last year," said Ray last week. "We realized we couldn't afford not to be at Annapolis."

This year Canada's Cuthbertson and Cassian hooked their first customer in record time. Hardly had the C&C 39 been snugged down in her berth when a prospect clambered aboard for a look-see. To hear the salesman tell it, what happened next was this:

Prospect: "How much?"

Salesman: "$39,000."

Prospect, beginning to peel $100 bills off a wad: "I'll take her."

The Barnum who had the audacity to set boat shows afloat in a big way is 44-year-old Peter Carroll, of Annapolis, with the assistance of Jerry

*continued*



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1025




Wood and Larry Newark, his virtually silent partners.

Carroll and partners set up the Annapolis show like this: he paid a bargain-basement rent of $500 a day to the city of Annapolis, plus a small percentage of the gate In an admitted attempt to discourage all but serious boat lovers, he pegged the admission price high $3.25. That did not deter an estimated 62,000 from attending He rented boat and exhibit space for a pretty penny For example, a 30-foot boat with a 10-foot beam was charged $360 Although he had to shell out for a half mile of fencing, power lines, temporary mooring pilings and two big tents, did Peter Carroll make do? "Yes, yes, yes," he said.

Carroll was often asked, "What happens if it rains? Where will you hide?"

"Get a downpour and the U S Sailboat Show will float away never to be seen again," said one motorboat man maliciously.

Though Carroll purposely picked an October week for its traditionally good weather, on the third day of the show's five-day run a front passed over Annapolis and dumped 2½ inches of rain at dockside It was the same storm that washed out the second game of the World Series Thus some sailors who had planned to catch the ball game at the park or on TV went to the boat show instead Many wore seaboots and bright foul-weather gear. A good few of those who did not provided something of a bonanza to the merchants by buying them at the show. Attendance? Second best of the run.

But rain or shine the greatest appeal of Annapolis was not merely the chance to step aboard the latest ocean racer afloat in its natural element, or to pore over little gems like the brightly varnished Crosby catboat, or to goggle at a ferro-cement hull being slapped together before your very eyes. It was being able to enjoy all this without being trampled by indoor mobs, exposed to a trillion strains of virus or worn out for lack of a place to rest Sitting on a dock, surrounded by sparkling masts stepped in the greatest number of new sailboats ever brought together at one time, while swinging your legs back and forth over the water, is a terribly refreshing experience

Jerry Wood said happily, "As an idea whose time has come, a show like this could hardly fail." **END**

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BOWLING / *Joe Jares*

# *To the victor go the spares*

**And to hard-luck rollers like Dave Davis go things like four-seven-10 splits, giving Mike Limongello the richest PBA Championship ever**

It was the 10th frame of the final match of the richest National Championship in the history of the Professional Bowlers Association. While ABC-TV trained its hot lights and color cameras on him, modish Dave Davis, so thin that he seems incapable of lifting a bowling ball, much less rolling it, stared calmly at $53 worth of plastic-sheathed bowling pins 60 feet down the lane, the only things standing between him and $12,500 in first-place money. All he had to do was get a spare and the money and title were his.

Davis had finished second nine times since winning his last PBA tournament in 1970, but last Saturday afternoon in Paramus, N.J. he seemed a cinch to end that frustrating streak. His opponent, Mike Limongello of Long Island, already had finished with 207 and had glumly sat down, mentally conceding the match. It was Jack Nicklaus needing to two-putt on the 18th for the Masters championship or John Brodie just needing to run out the clock with a minute to go. Well, almost that simple.

Davis' approach in that 10th frame was as careful and smooth as ever—until the last step. But then his foot slid a fraction too far, and the ball slammed into the headpin inches to the right of the pocket. Instead of a vacant alley or a tidy clutch of easily convertible pins, he had left the four, seven and 10—a split as wide as the Jersey Turnpike. His second shot ripped through the seven pin but failed to kiss off the four, and he went to his knees and buried his head in his hands. Second place again by five pins. Counting prize and bonus money, his failure to make that last spare cost him $10,000. In terms of frustration it cost more.

If $10,000 seems a ridiculous wad to have riding on a bowling match when it could be on something really significant like a 20-foot putt, consider the bullish trend of the sport. Skilled practitioners like Davis and Limongello may never get a credit rating as high as Arnold Palmer's, but the winter, summer and fall tours of the 13-year-old PBA are now worth close to $2 million, a 10% increase over 1970. At Paramus 64 pros collected a total of $85,000, or almost twice as much as the whole tour was worth when it started. Leading money-winner John Petraglia has earned $79,865 this year.

One reason for the dollar surge is a slick sales pitch. Potential sponsors—airlines, breweries, tire companies—are regularly worked over by the PBA promotional gurus. The Paramus tournament picked up one angel, Bellows-Valvair of Ohio, that manufactures nothing for bowlers and, in fact, nothing for the general public. Also, the sport is a solid moneymaker on television, which is not something golf can claim, mostly because of its high production costs. ABC-TV now carries 14 bowling finals.

Before reaching a nationwide TV audience, however, the finalists at Paramus had to knock down a veritable forest of pins. They went through a pro-am on Sunday, then bowled between 24 and 32 games over the next four days while the field was being hacked from 192 to 24. Protecting their calloused fingers with a nostrum called New-Skin and sheathing them in cotton, the top bowlers returned Thursday night to start round-robin match play. By the end of Friday night's session the field was cut to a final five.

Television, of course, wants every tournament to be the last reel of *Bonnie and Clyde*, and the PBA is only too happy to oblige. The result is necessarily hard on early leaders. Davis, who bowls out of Miami, could have been 1,000 pins ahead and still would have had to come back Saturday and stake everything in what amounts to a sudden-death playoff. The tube format calls for the fifth-place man after Friday to bowl against No. 4, the winner going against No. 3, and so on up to the top gun.

Early Saturday afternoon, while the network technicians were setting up their cameras and lights, the PBA experts were checking the dressing on the lanes (TV lights dry out the lane oil, leading to sharper hooks) and the fans were gathering around the pizza counter, bowling's answer to the clubhouse verandas at places like Forest Hills and Augusta. Inside gossip had it that Davis' opponent in the closing match would surely be Dave Soutar of Gilroy, Calif., his roommate on the tour. In a four-week period last fall the two had battled for a championship almost every week and won a total of $20,200. One fellow pro

*continued*



RUNNER-UP DAVIS COLLAPSES INTO A SALAAM OF DEJECTION AFTER MISSING HIS SPARE

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offered to pay them $20 a night to let him set up a cot in their room.

Anthony (Teata) Semiz, from nearby River Edge, N.J., was the pick of one habitué of the pizza counter, who assured everybody, through mouthfuls of a meatball hero, that if nothing else, Semiz would have the largest rooting section. Mike Limongello, who has a reputation as a tough money-player, was a strong dark-horse choice. The only finalist ruled out by practically everybody was Gus Lampo, an ex-Army cook from Endicott, N.Y. who was making his national TV debut. The problem was his hips. All the top shooters—Davis, Soutar, Limongello, money-leader Petraglia—are so thin they can swing the ball in a more vertical arc than the average man, and *much* more so than a broad-beamed bowler like Lampo.

Still, Lampo had managed to keep the arc vertical enough to take fifth place, pitting him against Limongello in the first knockout match. The younger, slighter but more experienced Limongello won easily 225–165 and then beat Soutar, who started off with five straight strikes but then faltered and died when, just like a member of the Monday night league legions, he aimed for the 10 pin and caught the gutter instead. Limongello took Semiz in a close match 212–203 and moved into the finals.

His match with Davis demonstrated that even the finest bowlers have flaws. Limongello "rears" at the line, raising up slightly just as he releases. Davis' ball always rolls—pocketa, pocketa, pocketa—over the thumbhole, which is supposed to be a professional's no-no. In the ninth frame of their duel, Limongello needed a strike to stay with Davis, but he left the seven pin and had to settle for a spare. All Davis had to do now was get a spare in the 10th to win. To the victor go the spares.

Last year Davis lost the PBA National Championship when he got the identical four-seven-10 split in the seventh frame of the final match. The chance of that catastrophe repeating itself had not entered his mind Saturday afternoon, but repeat it did. And if the $7,000 second-place money (bringing his 1971 earnings to $31,845) was scant balm for his final-frame debacle, he promised, nevertheless, to be on hand for the next stop of the PBA tour, the Lincoln Open in Lincoln, Neb. Where he finished second in 1970. **END**



"All my life I have been making heroes of other men at my own expense. Now once again I am cast in the role of buttress, supporting two ex-jocks to keep our act together."

...Howard Cosell

"In the hundreds of football games I've been involved in, I've only been booed one time. That was when we were introduced to the crowd at Kansas City this year. I think the people were booing Howard."

...Frank Gifford




# What are they doing with the

"They pay me good money to play my drum, and I love it."

...Don Meredith




PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO

# sacred game of pro football?

by EDWIN SHRAKE

CONTINUED

By nine o'clock on Saturday night the London Chop House in Detroit already had enough people in it to start another suburb, and dozens more were waiting at the red velvet rope and lined up along the stairs to the street, and if you phoned for a reservation you were told it didn't matter if you were Henry Ford bringing Prince Charles in for a bucket of snails, it would be hours before you could have a table.

"Leave it to the coach," said Howard Cosell in his suite at the Ponchartrain Hotel, thrusting out both arms as if pushing away an imaginary admirer, then shooting his cuffs and slowly drawing a regular Chesterfield back toward his lips. "It becomes a very simple thing. My friends dine when they choose."

Other than his wife Emi, the friends Cosell had with him that night included Don Meredith and Frank Gifford, his colleagues on the ABC Monday prime-time pro football telecast, a show that has reached a sort of notoriety unseen in the field of sports broadcasting since the days when Red Grange and Dizzy Dean used to mangle the language on tiny black and white screens, or perhaps since the latest interview with anybody by Cosell himself. Cosell, Gifford and Meredith were in Detroit for their seasonal debut two nights hence, and psychic tension was creeping over them, though they grappled with it in different ways.

"Howard, you are beautiful. You are a trip all by yourself. You are fantastic," said Meredith, who had dressed for dinner in an ensemble that consisted of a brown suede cowboy hat, a sport coat, pink corduroy trousers and white tennis shoes with no socks.

"Some men are endowed with greatness," Cosell admitted.

Lurking a few feet away, as though wary of getting too close to his partners lest they should accidentally spray his suit with a burst of slightly damp rhetoric, Gifford waited with a scant smile, hands in pockets, elegantly turned out, his eyes watching them through tinted glasses.

"Frankly, I feel like I'm facing a firing squad," Gifford said to a visitor. "It's not what I have to do on Monday night that's so hard, it's who I have to do it with."

"With whom you have to do it," corrected Cosell.

Gifford nodded. "See what I mean?" he said to the visitor.

The Cosell-Gifford-Meredith team—to list the performers alphabetically and not necessarily by size of ego—can by sheer force of mouth absolutely overpower the football game it not only describes but also uses as a platform on which to stage tunes, gags and anecdotes. Some critics are underwhelmed by this style of reportage, and some love it. But it is certainly no accident that Cosell-Gifford-Meredith come on as they do, and, whether you like their act or not, the Monday night package apparently has established professional football as a feisty competitor in ratings against such big-league competition as Bob Hope specials and Elizabeth Taylor movies.

A couple of years ago when NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle thought up the idea of playing a game every Monday night during the season and selling it to TV, a great many people crowded around to tell him the only bigger fool would be the man who bought it. That was the opening for Roone Arledge, president of ABC sports. A number of ABC executives agreed with much of the press that Monday night pro football on TV would be the Edsel of their trade. But ABC, the third and generally lesser network, did not have all that much to lose. ABC's Monday nights were such that sometimes they had the feeling nobody was home out there.

"I sold it to ABC by showing them what would happen if we didn't do it," says Arledge. "If CBS, NBC or some independent network picked up pro football, ABC just wouldn't have any Monday nights left. At least 100 stations would have dropped us. TV has kind of lost the impact it used to have on the better-educated segment of the public. I thought our Monday night pro football would bring back some of that impact, would become an event people planned their nights around. It's true. Theaters and restaurants lose business on Monday nights because people are watching our football games. We've turned Monday nights around for ABC. CBS and NBC have tried to put pressure on Pete Rozelle to drop our package, but our show has been sold out ever since it started, and we now have about 30 million viewers."

The first person Arledge hired for Monday night football was Cosell, an intelligent, articulate, abrasive 51-year-old lawyer who is quite literally hated by hordes of Americans who consider him a friend of and apologist for former heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali, which Howard is. Cosell can no more keep his mouth shut than a porcupine can sing opera, and he has plenty of things to say that a lot of people do not want to hear. But one undeniable fact about Howard is that you can't help but notice his presence. Arledge wanted that quality.

"Our Monday night commentators had to be so strong that people would be interested regardless of the game or the score," says Arledge. "Rozelle reportedly has approval rights on announcers with CBS and NBC, not with us. I hired Howard to let people know I'm tired of football being treated like a religion. The games aren't played in Westminster Abbey. It's just a bunch of guys hitting each other." Arledge then asked his friend Gifford—who was at that time under contract to CBS—to recommend someone with a humorous, contemporary touch to counteract some of Cosell's heavy speeches. Gifford said the only person who could handle the job was Don Meredith, who a year earlier had suddenly resigned as quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys. Arledge had never met Meredith but hired him after their first lunch together.

The third member of the team last

**"ABC has lost sight of the fact that pro football is a game, not a show for three TV stars. What should we do, follow them with a team of Don Rickles, Milton Berle and Mickey Rooney?"**

**. . . Bill MacPhail, CBS**

year was Keith Jackson, a smooth and highly competent play-by-play announcer from Los Angeles. "Keith is accurate, quick and has a golden voice, and he's not a big star. Stars don't like it if they can't control everything, and we didn't think we needed any more stars in the booth," Arledge says.

The experience of becoming a TV star surprised Meredith. As an All-America quarterback for SMU and as a professional who played in two championship games, the 33-year-old Meredith was accustomed to celebrity, but he had still been able to walk through an airport in Chicago or Pomona without being recognized. TV changed all that. Everywhere he goes now, people want to shake his hand and commiserate with him about having to share the booth with Cosell. Meredith's big night last year was during the game in which St. Louis beat Dallas in a major wipe-out, and Meredith seemed to be suffering for his exteammates even as he was speaking very critically of them. The truth is Meredith is far from distraught when Dallas loses without him, but most people elect not to believe such things about athletes, and the sympathetic mail flowed in. After the season Meredith went on an appearance tour of 47 banquets, mostly in the South, Southwest and Middle America, where his folksy behavior seems to have the most appeal.

"At every banquet," Meredith said, walking toward the Ponchartrain elevators, with Gifford a few steps behind and Cosell marching in the lead, clearing the hallway with his voice, "people would ask me how I could stand to work with that Yankee smart aleck who defends that draft dodger. If I felt like answering that kind of question, I would tell them Howard is one of the most intelligent men I ever knew. He's opinionated, and I don't always agree with him, but I admire and respect him. I love Howard. He took them all on at their own game and made them play it his way."

As he was talking, Meredith suddenly walked into a suite that had a tag on the door saying it was the hospitality room for a bankers' convention.

"Hidy, folks, hidy, my name is Harley Smydlapp, president of the Citizens' National Bank of Dime Box, Texas, and I'd like for you all to meet my staff," he said.

**"We don't subscribe to ABC's show-biz approach to pro football. Our sports department is in the news division, and we try to present football in a journalistic way. The novelty of ABC's approach is rapidly wearing thin."**

**. . . Carl Lindemann, NBC**

Several of the bankers and their wives eyed Meredith's bare ankles and cowboy hat suspiciously for a moment, and then they began grinning and nudging each other.

"Hi, Don, old buddy, how's it going?" one of them said.

"Well, the truth is I'd rather be a bamboo than an oak," said Meredith. "A big bamboo, however."

Harley Smydlapp is a character Meredith invented as a sort of independent conscience for himself. Harley Smydlapp is chief investigator for Smydlapp, Smydlapp & Calhoun, a large fact-finding organization hired by the American public to explore the truth about pro football. When he is talking to Harley Smydlapp, Meredith always tells the truth. When he is talking to a booster in Dallas, on the other hand, Meredith might ditch Harley and bend things around a little to make them come out more comfortably.

On the sidewalk, waiting for Meredith to sign some autographs, Cosell began reflecting on the outrage he manages to provoke.

"I've never understood the flak," he said. "At least half my mail says you nigger-loving Jew bastard, what are you doing with the sacred game of pro football? Well, this is starting to be boring, and I think I may get out of this intellectual thimble and not do any more TV sports except the Olympics, which I find very exciting. I'm being offered more and more roles in movies and television. I just finished playing in *Nanny and the Professor* the part of a teacher who understands the melancholy nature of middle age. There's a chance I may be the regular host on a talk show, and I have my own company to develop new show ideas. I don't need sports. But I would never quit doing my 25 radio shows [all ad-libbed] every week. On the radio you don't need to worry about how old you are, or how you look.

"I don't think television has traveled the right route in hiring so many exjocks to broadcast sports. The jocks don't have any really specialized knowledge. They've brought to the game a redundant jargon that the public has accepted as mystic insight. For years, what have the jocks been telling us? That you try to isolate a back on a linebacker? Well, as a kid we always tried to put our fast kid against their slow kid. What's the mystery in that? Maybe the reason for the flak I get is that for 15 years the public has been fed sports-establishment Pablum. Of course, the utilization of Dandy Don Meredith was genius. He's the rare case of an athlete who's uninhibited and irreverent, a personality. Frank Gifford, Pat Summerall, Kyle Rote, they're jocks, but they've been working as announcers for 10 or 12 years and are pros by now. But many of the jock announcers are a disgrace. Perhaps I should resign right on the air—say folks, if you want Pablum you won't get it from Howard Cosell."

Once last year Cosell did in fact go off the air during a football broadcast, an incident that brought him thousands of acerbic words from the newspaper critics he denounces as "mere bread-and-butter writers without class." It was suggested that Howard had been fending off the cold that night with a nip of warming brandy and that he soon found himself unable to say "Philadelphia," which is an important word to use when announcing a game at Franklin Field, and that he retired for a nap long before the teams did. Meredith informed the public at the time that Cosell had the flu. "I was very ill. I thought I'd had a stroke and was dying. I was so worried that I took a cab from Philadelphia to New York to see my doctor, and then I read in the papers that I

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was drunk," Howard said indignantly.

A Cosell performance that drew almost unanimous praise was his role in the Woody Allen movie *Bananas*. Howard played himself interviewing a South American dictator in the act of being shot and later interviewing a honeymoon couple in bed. It was all done extemporaneously in one take, and Howard was very funny. I've saw *Bananas* seven times. Cosell says his next film role will be in Woody Allen's version of *All You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. He was speaking of his future in the movies when he and the group arrived at the London Chop House and discovered there was barely room to squeeze into the lobby, much less land an available table.

"My dear," Cosell cried to the girl who was guarding the red velvet rope, "I have journeyed on every continent, I have seen beauty of the most exotic and exquisite sort, but never never have I set eyes upon a woman quite so flawless, quite so stunning . . ."

"Anybody who sounds that much like Howard Cosell must be Howard Cosell," said someone from the crowd as Howard pushed immediately to the front of the line and reached for the red velvet rope.

"And with me are the irrepressible, the irresistible Dandy Don Meredith and the handsome, charming, utterly dynamic Dauntless Frank Gifford. . . ."

"Are those tennis shoes Meredith's got on?" someone said.

Cosell turned to an attractive woman standing nearby with her husband, a tall and solid fellow with gray hair and a smile that seemed uncertain whether to remain.

"Darling, I see you have quite obviously married beneath yourself. It must be a source of considerable embarrassment for you to be in this world-famous restaurant with a man so much older than you. If you would care to join us as we pass through this rope to enjoy our dinner. . . ."

"Can't you see there's no tables?" said the girl at the rope.

"Do you have a card?" said the woman whose husband was now puzzling over exactly what to do about Howard Cosell having entered his life.

"I do not need a card," Cosell said.

"Leave it to the coach," yelled Meredith, whistling through his teeth. "I love it, I love it."

And then, miraculously, the rope was lifted, and Cosell's party was admitted ahead of many faces that were not altogether pleased. Cosell grinned enormously and looked at Meredith and Gifford out of hooded eyes and lit another cigarette.

"Howard, you're incredible," said Meredith.

The thrust by Cosell got the party only as far as the bar, where they had to stand for another hour before a table opened, but Howard was delighted to have been the one who moved his partners past the rope. Last year it was reported in newspaper columns that a rivalry between Cosell and Meredith had developed to the point of an actual fistfight that had left them hating each other—none of which is true. But there is definitely an undercurrent of competitive feeling between Cosell and Gifford. They seem almost to intimidate each other, Howard being made edgy by the presence of a genuine New York Giants football hero, and Frank being slightly uneasy in the grandiloquent company of Cosell's massive vocabulary and precise grammar.

Gifford was very nervous about being in Detroit for his first appearance at the mike for a regular-season game in his new job. He had done a couple of exhibition games with Cosell and Meredith, and the reviews were not favorable. Gifford had blown a lot of names and numbers, and Cosell and Meredith had talked so much that Bill MacPhail of CBS said their commentary was like listening to a cocktail party. At this game in Detroit, Gifford needed to establish himself as a personality before he disappeared in a fog of oratory thrown out by Cosell and Meredith.

At 41, Gifford has had a glamorous career as an All-America at USC, a New York Giants star and as a TV figure at CBS. "For the last 15 years Frank has lived inside a glass ball, protected by the Wellington Mara and CBS umbrellas," says Mike McCallum, a TV producer, "and he's always tried to be known as a nice guy. Even when he says something tough, he wants it to sound nice." If Cosell and Meredith are frequently irreverent in their approach to football, Gifford is not. In his mind he is still intensely a part of the sport. Gifford likes to talk about games he played *in*, and he remembers the dates and the scores and runs he made. Talking to him, there is the sensation that if you joke with Gifford about football, you will be the only one joking.

What, then, was a nice boy like Gifford doing in a place like Detroit?

A few months ago there was a sort of muddling around in New York sports TV. Because of rising ratings by ABC News, New York's WNBC decided its sports announcer, Kyle Rote, had a "low profile" and replaced him with Dick Schaap, collaborator with Jerry Kramer on the best-selling *Instant Replay*. Rote continues as what is now called an "analyst" on NBC pro football games, working with Jim Simpson. At about the same time Gifford was hired away from CBS by Arledge, 40, who is regarded by his counterparts at the other networks—MacPhail at CBS and Carl Lindemann at NBC—with a striking lack of affection, which may be taken as a compliment to Arledge's success with the Olympics, *Wide World of Sports*, NCAA football, NBA Game of the Week and now Monday night pro football.

Gifford says he changed networks because ABC offered him more freedom. Arledge says he hired Gifford because Frank was the only person he could think of who could put into practice Arledge's theory that the play-by-play announcer has become outmoded in TV sports. What Arledge wants is for Gifford to give the necessary information about yards and downs but combine it with immediate analysis of the game. "Frank will not only set the game but will also

*continued*

**"CBS and NBC were sure we would fail. When they realized we were serious, they threw in the big power against us—even Jack Benny's 50th anniversary show. This year they've changed their Monday prugramming to avoid us. The time has passed for sports announcers who just put captions on the pictures."**

**. . . Roone Arledge, ABC**

say what the colorman used to say, thus freeing Cosell and Meredith to make their commentary on a more sophisticated level," says Arledge.

Some think Gifford has leaped into an impossible situation, that the play-by-play and analyst's roles cannot be combined with three egos in one announcing booth like three bobcats in a box. One of the people who feel this way is Keith Jackson, who learned he had been replaced by Gifford by reading it in the paper.

"With one guy in the booth, you could give the viewers the necessary information and the color stuff at the same time, but with three guys it tends to become a bull session," says Jackson. "Last year Howard and Don profited from my ability to be succinct and keep order and set them up so they could make their points. My philosophy of broadcasting is that if the viewer turns off his TV and has been entertained, satisfied and informed and can't remember I've been there, I've done a good job. The game is the thing, not the chatter.

"I had deep misgivings about working with two other guys last year. I felt like Charlie Anonymous in that booth. I've got an ego, too. An announcer's job is to amplify, clarify and define, not do a song-and-dance act. I became very close to Don and Howard. We had no conflict, which is rare in this business. But I do resent the hell out of a guy walking off a football field and immediately becoming high-priced announcing talent. It's very depressing to young men in college trying to reach the top in communications. I don't even believe Meredith has told me anything about the game I couldn't figure out for myself. What can he say? He can't reveal personal truths about the guys down on the field. Don's best attribute is his manner."

MacPhail is a bit more harsh in his opinion of ABC Monday night football.

"I wince with embarrassment when those guys do a funny," he says. "Meredith is like a buffoon, waiting to be cute. Cosell's style is good for a 15-minute show, but not for an action game. Howard is not so much I-tell-it-like-it-is anymore as he's just a guy who sets himself up for Meredith to put him down. I guess people like that part of it. On CBS the game is the star. ABC does some strange things. For NCAA football their big team is their house guys, Chris Schenkel and Bud Wilkinson. In the middle of the third quarter Schenkel starts thanking everybody from the college trustees on down, so I can understand why ABC is under pressure from the NCAA to use him. If you want to know who's a really funny color guy, it's Wilkinson, not Meredith. Wilkinson is funnier than Meredith because there's no way he thinks he is.

"This whole question of jocks on the air is changing," says MacPhail. "A few years ago there was a tidal wave of them, but now they're being hired less rather than more. Jocks don't have any training in commentary or interviewing, they're very reluctant to embarrass a fellow player with a tough question, they're amazingly nervous and if they have any special knowledge about the game it usually doesn't come through. But a guy like our Pat Summerall, for example, he's an ex-jock but he's also a pro announcer. He's a little stuffy, and I wish he'd loosen up, but he's the best in the business. He tells you what's going on without shoving a lot of words down your throat."

Carl Lindemann is a friend of Cosell's on a social level, and their wives are friends. "But Howard doesn't buy my lunch," says Lindemann, "and I have to say I don't believe the general public is fascinated with Howard's discussions of Meredith's vocabulary. Don and Howard are amusing for a while, but they become an intrusion. The public doesn't care about their relationship. And Gifford is struggling to be heard above the chatter.

"The first year NBC did the NCAA football games, we tried using three guys in the booth—Terry Brennan, Bud Wilkinson and Lindsey Nelson. In the very first game Terry and Bud were at each other's throats, and Lindsey had to be a traffic cop. ABC has not added a new dimension. I'm convinced their approach is wrong. Paul Christman had the most distinctive talent of all colormen. The best team now is our Curt Gowdy and Al DeRogatis. They tell you what's happening without quarreling with each other in the booth."

On Sunday afternoon in Detroit, with the opening show only a day away, Cosell-Gifford-Meredith were watching Baltimore beat the Jets on the TV set in the parlor of Producer-Director Chet Forte's suite. Cosell was loudly proclaiming the deficiencies of the Jets' quarterback, insisting that the slowness of his hand-offs made it easy for the Colts to knock down the running backs.

"I wish Baltimore would play with your butt for a while. You'd find out how easy it is," Gifford said.

Forte broke in to stop a potential quarrel and start a production meeting instead. That night they were to go to Tiger Stadium to pretape Monday's introduction. Forte covered a number of points rapidly, and his three stars were given new yellow ABC blazers they are required to wear on camera. When the meeting ended, Gifford went to his room to study rosters, Cosell went to his suite to watch the rest of the Jets game and Meredith went to play tennis.

"Our problem here is to get Don and Howard to shut up early in the game so Frank can set the teams for the people and establish himself," said Forte. "It's up to Frank not to make mistakes and not to get down on himself. These are three very delicate and emotional people. If I tell Howard to shut up in the wrong way, he's liable to sulk for the whole game."

During one game last year Meredith unplugged the ear piece through which Forte had just been reprimanding him and decided his announcing career was over. Cosell asked him to finish the night's work, and now after one full season on the air Meredith has won an Emmy, has been given an honorary doctorate by Alfred University and thoroughly relishes his position. After he resigned as the Dallas quarterback, Meredith took a run at being a country-singing star, a songwriter and a stockbroker. He has been offered roles in several TV series and no doubt will someday accept one. "I've met a lot of actors, politicians and star athletes in my

*continued*

**"My only problem is up there in the booth, where we've got two nuts and a gentleman."**

**. . . Chet Forte, producer-director of ABC's Monday night pro football.**



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## Sacred game *continued*

life, and Don has more charisma than any of them," says Gifford. But for the moment Meredith is enjoying his seat in the TV booth.

"The worst mistake I ever made was thinking I could work for a living," Meredith said as he was getting dressed to go to the stadium for the taping. "What I'm doing now is fun. I don't have much time on the air to say my speech, but my speech is that I love the game of pro football. It's the greatest sports vehicle in the country. But we are going to have to change the emphasis on violence and on winning at any cost. There aren't very many people in the stands who are under 30. Young folks won't buy the old Vince Lombardi stuff any more. Lombardi wouldn't have been as successful today. He tolerated two or three token playboys, but the others he stripped of their personalities. Pro football is a game of individual talents that in a great team somehow become welded together. On the air I like to point out the athletic talents down on the field—like a physical artist like Bob Lilly, showing what he does that's so great—and not just talk about the violence and the score."

On the way to the stadium the taxi driver kept glancing in his mirror at Gifford and Meredith in the back seat, and finally he asked why they were going to the game a night early.

"We have to rehearse the big plays," Gifford said. "Some of the long passes and runs, you know, they're so hard that we have to do them several times to make sure we get them just right for television."

"Them Minnesota Vikings, where are they from?" asked the driver.

"Madison, Wisconsin," Meredith said.

"I knew it was someplace like that," said the driver.

Cosell was waiting at the stadium with the 50-man crew, the two mobile units and the $2 million worth of equipment, and he was impatient to begin.

"Come on, you two jocks, let's get this over with, a talent's time is valuable," he said.

"Howard stays mad at me because I'm an ex-Giant," Gifford said. "I can't help but think in terms of a straight football game. Even Don thinks more in terms of show business. Howard just calls it a show."

Gifford fluffed the first taping of the introduction by referring to Detroit Cornerback Lem Barney as Mel. The three laughed it off and tried again. Three and a half hours later they were not nearly so amused. Each of them had blown at least one introduction, and it was past midnight before Forte had four minutes he felt were usable. While waiting for a camera to be moved, the three rushed back to the hotel bar, where Cosell insisted on introducing Meredith to Viking Coach Bud Grant. On a show last year Meredith had commented that in a personality contest between Grant and Dallas Coach Tom Landry there would be no winner.

"He says you're very dull and cold and lifeless, Bud," said Cosell.

"Why do you do this to me, Howard?" Meredith asked.

Cosell laughed.

That night Gifford couldn't sleep. He lay in bed and worried about forgetting numbers and being devoured.

On Monday afternoon it rained and they had to tape the opening again shortly before the kickoff. Finally they rode the elevator up to the booth, a box fenced off on three sides and open in front to a view of the green field and the old green stands. Gifford peeled off his blazer and stood with a microphone around his neck, wearing a yellow sweater. Cosell sat in the middle in a raincoat, and Meredith sat on the right in his blazer. A Las Vegas publicity man came in and gave them ballpoint pens. Paul Hornung came in and asked who was going to start at quarterback. Bob Cochran, the broadcast coordinator from the NFL office, came in for a moment. The band was playing *The Notre Dame Fight Song*, and Meredith and Cosell joined in a singalong.

"Here we are as a new season approaches, cowed by the pressure," said Cosell.

Meredith put in a phone call to his mother Hazel in Mount Vernon, Texas. Cosell took the phone from him. "Hello, mother," said Howard, "what I've done for your son in one short year is absolutely amazing, but he deserves it." Down in the No. 1 mobile unit, facing 18 monitors connected to nine cameras, Forte was talking to several people at once with his rather special ability to concentrate in the midst of what to an outsider appears to be incipient chaos. "Don't panic in the truck," Cosell said. "We still have one minute until air time."

*continued*



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# "He's Dead," And Australia Mourned

His name was Phar Lap, meaning lightning strike in Javanese, and for almost 40 years now his body—mounted and preserved under glass in Melbourne—has been maintained as one of Australia's national shrines. Looking at him today you can see that this racehorse, a happy, red chestnut giant standing well over 16 hands, was the kind of steed you could trust with your $2 or your little daughter—he would bring either one home safe and sound. In 51 starts he won 37 times and finished in the money another five. He won at every distance from six furlongs to 2½ miles. If he had not died tragically while in his prime, he might have proved to the world he was what the Australians had always said: the greatest racehorse ever.

The story of Phar Lap is the stuff they used to make movies out of. In 1927 Harry Telford was an Australian trainer with no particular reputation who owned a half interest in a mare named Miss Kate. Miss Kate was not much for speed, but she had a strong heart and was a good stayer. At the yearling sales that season, Telford noticed a horse listed with the same bloodlines as Miss Kate. Telford persuaded David Davis, an American, to buy the horse, Phar Lap, for $800. When Davis saw the animal—someone referred to it as "a donkey" and "a throwback to a giraffe"—he was appalled. He leased the horse back to Telford for three years, in exchange for a third of his earnings.

Phar Lap *was* clumsy and slow to learn. He raced five times as a 2-year-old and finished well back all but once winning a six-furlong sprint at Rosehill. Telford was disappointed but found it hard not to love the friendly horse, who enjoyed chewing the shirts of stableboys because he liked the sound of ripping cloth. He especially doted on his exercise boy, Tommy Woodcock.

Because he had nothing better to do with him, Telford disregarded his jockey's advice and began running the horse in longer races as a 3-year-old. By then Phar Lap had filled out, and the move paid off. On Oct. 5, 1929 he romped home 3½ lengths ahead in the Australian Jockey Club Derby, and Australia had a new racing hero. In the autumn of 1930 Phar Lap won nine in a row, including Australia's prestigious two-mile Melbourne Cup. And in the spring and summer of 1931 he ran off 14 straight wins. Meanwhile, Davis had gratefully resumed ownership of the animal.

By 1932 Phar Lap, now a strong 6-year-old, had won $282,250 in stakes money. Owner Davis began eyeing the rich pickings in America, where he figured he could earn another $300,000 in a single season, and he shipped the horse off to California for the $50,000-added Agua Caliente Handicap in Tijuana, then the richest purse in racing.

American experts were skeptical. Famous European horses had come to the U.S. on numerous occasions, only to stumble over their reputations. And no horse who had come from so far was ever expected to race so soon. A mere two months would elapse between Phar Lap's arrival and his race. Besides, Phar Lap was unused to dirt tracks, and his competition would be much tougher.

Race day, March 20, was a fiesta. Hollywood emptied out, with such stars as Buster Keaton, Eddie Cantor and Gilbert Roland flying down to watch Phar Lap, who had been dubbed "The Red Terror." By post time the word was that Phar Lap was as good as his clippings, and he went off at 3-2. Starting from post position nine in a field of 11, he lay seventh at the grandstand turn under a tight rein. He began to hit his stride in the turn, and going into the backstretch he took the lead. At the ⅜ths pole the red gelding opened up a four-length lead. Rounding into the stretch, Reveille Boy, under savage whipping, pulled even, but Phar Lap shrugged off the challenge and won by two lengths. He had clipped a fifth of a second off the track record, running the mile and a quarter in 2:02⅘s. In the winner's circle there was not a speck of lather on him, and he was hardly blowing. In a single race he had captured the fancy of the American turf world.

Colonel Matt Winn, then president of the American Turf Association, who had watched Man o' War run a decade before, declared, "Phar Lap is like a new Babe Ruth to the turf." Immediately plans were made for one of the finest international stakes races in history—a mile and a half at Belmont against a field that would include Twenty Grand and Equipoise.

Two days after the Caliente race, Phar Lap was sent to a private training stable outside of San Francisco to get ready for his tour of the States. On April 4 Woodcock, by now his trainer, gave Phar Lap his last feed of the day—wheat bran from Australia mixed with New Zealand oats, and his mandatory sugar cube. The next morning the horse was clearly sick. Woodcock ran for a veterinarian, and when they got back Phar Lap had stumbled out of the stable and was staggering around the training track, racked with spasms of pain. He collapsed, spewing blood from his mouth. There was nothing the vet could do. A sobbing Woodcock lay down next to the stricken horse and cradled him until he died.

The headlines in Australian newspapers said simply, HE'S DEAD. The nation went into official mourning. Flags were flown at half-staff and regular radio programming was preempted for dirges that were usually played only at state funerals.

At first it was announced Phar Lap had died of the colic, but an autopsy showed heavy doses of arsenic in his stomach. Phar Lap had been poisoned. But how, and by whom? Many Australians were quick to assume that American gangsters had done it. Some Australians still believe it. But it is more likely that the poisoning was a dreadful mistake. A few days before Phar Lap died, a nurseryman had sprayed the trees of the ranch with a lead arsenic insecticide. It was too windy to do a good job, but he went ahead anyway. The spray, carried by the wind, coated the grass where Phar Lap grazed.

To this day the memory rankles in Australia, and Americans can still get into an argument in the nicest pub in Sydney over the Phar Lap tragedy. It is understandable. After all, they had sent us the best horse their continent had ever known, and we shipped them back a monument.

—PETER ANDREWS

His voice became a parody of itself. "You could cut the heavy atmosphere with a knife, as tensely the three men awaited their 1971 debut. For Dandy Don Meredith, it was the second time around."

"Peace, flowers and love," said Meredith.

Gifford made a V sign, the co-director in the booth pointed a finger at him, and Frank began to talk. In the first half Gifford made two major errors, neither one entirely his fault. On a tip from Meredith he put the wrong quarterback into the game for Minnesota, and Meredith apologized for it over the air. Someone handed Gifford a card that said it was halftime, and Frank read it aloud with 10 minutes yet to play in the second quarter. But by the time the half did arrive, there was joy in the ABC truck. Meredith and Cosell had trimmed their chatter to a more moderate level. Gifford was doing the promotional announcements and the play by play and also was including analysis of the game in a natural, unobtrusive way. "Frank is getting better by the minute," said Arledge. "No matter what all those other guys think, this thing is going to work."

By the second week, Gifford had enough confidence to enter exchanges on the air with his partners. When Phil Wise of the Jets received a kickoff and knelt with the ball, Gifford said, "Wise wisely stays in the end zone."

"Little play on words there, Frank," said Meredith.

"I don't get a chance for many," Gifford said.

"That's even a better one," said Meredith.

It could be that if Gifford continues to improve and can do what Arledge expects of him, he will evolve into the star of the trio. It could also be that Cosell will destroy him on the air some night, or that Meredith will decide to dominate the mike, or that the three of them will all begin talking at once in a fierce babble that Forte will have to cure with a switch. Or it could be that by the end of this season even their many critics will grant that they are the best announcing team ever heard on TV sports. However it turns out, Arledge appears to be right about one thing—his three guys in the booth are a big reason why people are gathering in homes and bars to watch TV on Monday nights again. **END**




We're as quiet in Toronto as we are in Topeka

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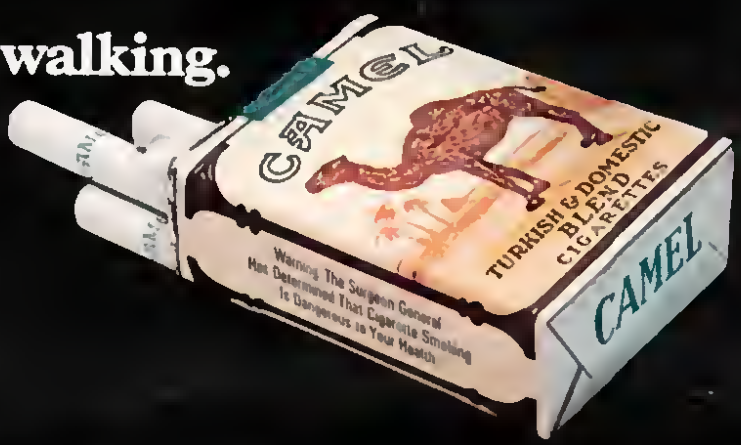

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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week Oct. 12-18**

**BASEBALL**—PITTSBURGH won the World Series, defeating Baltimore four games to three *(page 18)*.

**BASKETBALL**—NBA New York, favored to win the Atlantic Division, was humiliated in its season openers, losing to the Pistons 91–84 and the Lakers 119–104. Detroit's Bob Lanier scored 29 points against the Knicks to show his once injured knee was back in fine shape—but then sprained the little toe on his right foot. Worse yet, All-Pro Guard Dave Bing, who had suffered a scratched eye in preseason play—but could still see well enough to score 24 points—turned out to have a torn retina. Surgeons repaired it, but he will be out for at least two months. Unhappily for the rest of the league, defending champion Milwaukee was hale and hearty as the Bucks methodically beat Phoenix 110–97 and Seattle 98–91 on Kareem Jabbar's 56 points. Pacific leader Los Angeles kept pace with two victories, while undefeated Philadelphia beat the Bulls 114–100. The Rockets 105–94 on Billy Cunningham's 41 points and the Hawks 104–102. Buffalo greeted new Coach John McCarthy with a 133–109 victory over the Cavaliers, then spoiled everything by losing to the Cavs 91–89 the next night. For Cleveland, the win showed marked improvement, last year the Cavs lost their first 15. A game between Boston and Cincinnati was postponed because of condensation from ice under the court.

ABA: The league seemed more at home in court than on court. Larry Cannon skipped from Denver to Memphis and Jimmy Jones from Memphis to Utah, both claiming they were free agents. Commissioner Jack Dolph ruled them ineligible and started an investigation. On court, Kentucky, paced by 7' 2" rookie Center Artis Gilmore, beat New York 107–98 in its opener. Gilmore led both teams with 29 points and 20 rebounds, while Dan Issel, who moved from center to forward to accommodate Gilmore, scored 26. Mel Daniels had 52 points in two games to boost Indiana to wins over Denver and Carolina. Guards Mack Calvin and Larry Jones led the surprising Floridians to a 2-0 record, while rookie Julius Erving grabbed 19 rebounds and scored 21 points as Virginia edged Carolina 118–114.

**BOATING**—Defending champion EARL ELMS of San Diego won the Snipe Class World Championship with 17 points in Rio de Janeiro.

**BOWLING**—MIKE LIMONGELLO of North Babylon, N.Y., upset top-seeded Dave Davis 207–202 in the finals to win the PBA National Championship in Paramus, N.J. *(page 93)*.

**FOOTBALL**—National Conference: Undefeated WASHINGTON won its fifth game, shutting out St. Louis 20–0 for the best Redskin start since 1940 *(page 71)*. Roman Gabriel ran for two touchdowns, the second in the last quarter following a 68-yard pass to Jack Snow, to lift West leader LOS ANGELES to a 24–16 win over Atlanta. The Falcons had taken a 16–10 lead early in the fourth period when John Mallory ran back a fumble 54 yards for a touchdown. Rookie Archie Manning also scored two touchdowns and threw a 29-yard TD pass to Tony Baker as NEW ORLEANS upset humbling Dallas 24–14. A fumbled punt by the Cowboys on their three-yard line, a 60-yard return of a pass interception by Delles Howell and a 77-yard run by Alvin Dodd after a missed field-goal attempt led to two touchdowns and a field goal by the Saints. In the Monday night TV game the Cowboys lost the ball five times on fumbles but managed to squeeze by the New York Giants, who also lost five fumbles, 20–13. DETROIT defeated winless Houston 31–7 on Lem Barney's 28-yard return of an intercepted pass. The 33rd in his fifth season—for a touchdown and Steve Owens' two TD runs. SAN FRANCISCO scored its first shutout in 10 seasons when the 49ers beat Chicago 13–0, while MINNESOTA knocked Green Bay out of a share of the Central Division lead with a 24–13 win on three Gary Cuozzo touchdown passes.

American Conference: East leader BALTIMORE bombed the New York Giants 31–7 as Earl Morrall threw three touchdown passes, two to Ray Perkins and one to Norm Bulaich, who also ran 34 yards for a TD. Bob Griese threw two touchdown passes to Paul Warfield and two to Howard Twilley in the first half to boost MIAMI to an easy 41–3 victory over New England. Third-string Quarterback Rob Davis started his first game for NEW YORK and produced the first scoring pass of the season for the Jets—11 yards to Rich Caster—in sparking a 28–17 win over winless Buffalo. In four previous games the Jets had totaled only 24 points. Bo Scott scored his third touchdown with 42 seconds on the clock to give CLEVELAND a 27–24 come-from-behind victory over Cincinnati, which had led 24–13 with nine minutes to go. OAKLAND trailed 10–0 at the half, but Daryle Lamonica, who had been out of action with a hamstring muscle pull for two games, replaced Kenny Stabler in the third quarter and completed seven of 15 passes for 144 yards and two touchdowns to lead the Raiders to a 34–10 win over Philadelphia. DENVER gained its first victory with a 20–16 upset over San Diego.

**GOLF**—SAM SNEAD led after all four rounds to win the $100,000 PGA Club Pro Championship at Pinehurst, N.C. *(page 85)*.

**HOCKEY**—Boston set 37 league and individual records in winning its first division title since 1930 last season, but the playoff loss to Montreal must have soured the wine. After losing six of 10 exhibition games the Bruins dropped their season opener to the Rangers 4–1. General Manager Milt Schmidt immediately ordered his players to cancel all public appearances and commitments and the Bruins responded with decisive wins over New York (6–1) and Buffalo (6–2). Phil Esposito, who set a league record with 76 goals last year, started off strongly with four goals and three assists in the first three games. East leader New York, which often seems sleepy on the road and hopped up at home, whacked Boston and Toronto in away games, but lost its home opener to the Bruins. California fired Coach Fred Glover after an 0-1-2 start but continued winless under Vic Stasiuk with a 9–6 loss to Vancouver. Norm Ferguson's hat trick, first of the NHL season, was wasted in the other Golden Seal loss, 5–4 to Philadelphia. Chicago's Tony Esposito recorded the first shutout, 1–0 over St. Louis, and allowed only three goals in two other wins as the Black Hawks, the lone undefeated team, ran up a 4-0 record. Surprising Pittsburgh held second in the West with two wins, including a 2–1 victory over Vancouver in which 41-year-old Tim Horton scored two goals within 56 seconds in the third period. Montreal Goalie Ken Dryden started as if he were still in Stanley Cup play, blocking 40 shots in a 1–1 tie with Minnesota. The North Stars' lone goal came about when Tom Reid, who had scored only four times in five previous seasons, connected on a penalty shot with 11 minutes left.

**HORSE RACING**—RUN THE GANTLET ($3.80) won the $112,000 Man O' War at Belmont Park by 2¼ lengths over Gleaming.

NUMBERED ACCOUNT ($2.80), ridden by Braulio Baeza, took the $135,875 Frizette at Belmont Park by seven lengths over Susan's Girl.

SHADOW BROOK ($3.60), ridden by Jerry Fishback, the leading jockey on the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association circuit, won the $55,775 Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase at Belmont Park by 5½ lengths over Amarind.

**MODERN PENTATHLON**—Russia edged defending champion Hungary for the individual and team world titles in San Antonio *(page 80)*.

**MILESPOSTS**—FIRED: FRED GLOVER, 43, as coach of the NHL's California Golden Seals, after one loss and two ties in their first three regular-season games. VIC STASIUK, 42, a 13-year NHL veteran and former coach of the Philadelphia Flyers, was named to replace him.

FIRED: DOLPH SCHAYES, 44, as coach of the NBA's Buffalo Braves, after a 123–90 opening loss to Seattle. Schayes was replaced by JOHN McCARTHY, 36, a part-time NBA player for six seasons and most recently a Brave scout.

FIRED: JOHNNY LIPON, 48, interim manager of the Cleveland Indians after the midseason dismissal of Alvin Dark.

SPLIT: Auto Owner ANDY GRANATELLI and Driver MARIO ANDRETTI, 31, winner of the 1969 Indianapolis 500. "Results during the past year have not been satisfactory for either of us," said Granatelli, owner of the STP auto-racing team. Andretti will join Joe Leonard and Al Unser on Parnelli Jones' racing team, the most successful on the USAC championship circuit.

DIED: C. STAFFORD SMYTHE, 50, president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, from complications following surgery for a bleeding ulcer, in Toronto. Smythe's hockey career spanned some 40 years, and his death came less than two months after he and his partner, Harold Ballard, took control of Maple Leaf Gardens, which was built by Smythe's father, Conn, in the 1930s.

**CREDITS**

18, 19—W. Eugene Smith from Photo Researchers 20—Herb Scharfman, Tony Triolo 21—James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr. 22, 23—James Drake (2), Walter Iooss Jr. (3) 24—Jane Stewart 58—UPI 60—Hans Hinz, Rudolf Hesse 71—John Iacono 85—Bruce Cox, Sam Leyton/Atlanta 89—Jane Stewart 92—Mel Finkelstein, D'Giacomo 109—Chip Maury III

# FACES IN THE CROWD



**CASPER NINGEN,** a senior at Chadron (Neb.) High School, kicked a national prep record field goal of 54 yards in the Cardinals' 47–20 victory over Douglas. S. Dak. Ningen, a two-year letterman who plays on both lines, also kicked a 24-yarder and five extra points.



**BRAD BYKER,** 12, a center forward on the undefeated Palatine (Ill.) Celtics and the top scorer in the Young Sportsman Soccer League for boys 10–13, tallied three goals against Hanover Park in a 13–0 win to boost his season total to 45 in 17 games.



**BETH BONNER,** 19, of Reedsville, W. Va., who has been competing three years, became the first American woman to officially run the marathon under three hours when she compiled a time of 2:55.22 for 34th place at the New York City Marathon in Central Park.



**ANDRÉS CARRILLO,** 25, of New York City, scored the winning goal in overtime to give the Southampton (N.Y.) Bicycle Polo Club a 5–4 win over Manhattan in Southampton for the Cartier Challenge Trophy. A seven-handicapper, Carrillo is second-rated by the USBPA.



**NANCY BLACK,** of Oxon Hill, Pa., was first in accuracy and third in style to win the women's overall title at the Pan American Cup parachuting championships in Tequesquetengo, Mexico. She and men's titlist Clayton Schoelpple led the U.S. to the team victory.



**STEVE RIFF** ran and passed Sweetwater (Calif.) High to 38 second-half points and a 44–23 win over Chula Vista. In all, he completed 14 of 20 passes for 180 yards, one TD and four two-point conversions, and ran nine times for 159 yards and four touchdowns.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

### HUMAN RELATIONS

Sirs

Congratulations are in order to Pat Jordan for his fine article, *The Man Who Was Cut Out for the Job* (Oct. 11). As a native Tarheeler, I found special meaning in the reflections of what it is really like in the lives of teachers and students trying to make a go of complete integration of public schools in the South. I think Pat did an excellent job of portraying the problems of bringing together two races with such different cultures.

Pat tells how uncomfortable he felt while attending the all-black football game. At that ball game Pat was the minority, a situation whites seldom experience.

My hat is off to the teachers, coaches (especially Jerome Evans) and administrative officials who undertake such a difficult, uncomfortable and unglorious task. And thanks again to Pat who dug out and revealed the problems of integration so that progress can be made, because now we have a better understanding.

ROBERT RANDALL

Anchorage, Alaska

Sirs:

I congratulate Pat Jordan for the tremendous insight into a difficult problem. He has shed some light on the human side of the racial issue. His portrayal of Jerome Evans as a scared man who cannot reveal his true self is brought sharply into focus by Jordan's courageous and honest description of his own feelings at the North Carolina Central University game. But he could return to the white status quo. Where does a black man turn in a white world?

RANDY GUST

Lancaster, Ohio

Sirs:

"I don't even want them to like me. I'd be content if they just acknowledged me as a good coach and a man." Jerome Evans. Judging by Pat Jordan's article, Mr. Evans is a good coach and a man. I would like to show him a little more of the world, however. It consists of people, real people, who want to live a life with depth and meaning. And a consummate part of such a life is friendship with other people, be they black, white, Jewish, English, old, young, Catholic, Methodist, rich, poor, attractive, unattractive, educated, uneducated or whatever. To quote Joan Oppenheimer: "Had he, too, built a wall to save himself from further hurt? Then found one day that he was a prisoner behind it?" I don't wish Jerome Evans further hurt although perhaps it will come. I do wish him friendship that is rich in understanding and glorious in new-found hope mingled with joy. Perhaps it will come, too.

NOREEN WILSON

Cleveland

Sirs:

Great! Great! Great! Articles such as this can only reaffirm SI as the best in its field. By capturing the sensitivities of the black man and so beautifully and subtly standing in his shoes at the all-black NCC game, Pat Jordan promotes intelligent and fair integration. I salute you for printing the story—and Jordan for writing it.

MACI FOHR

Los Angeles

### CENTRAL ISSUE

Sirs:

First it was your prediction that Cleveland would finish last in the AFC Central Division (Scouting Reports, Sept. 20). Then came the article on Cincinnati (*No One's Holding These Tigers*, Sept. 27), after which the "tigers" did nothing but lose. And now you give us an article on Pittsburgh (*No Pat-tabsis Is the Analysis*, Oct. 11). Well, the score was Cleveland 27, Pittsburgh 17, and the Browns are in first place.

TOM WILLIAMS

Barberton, Ohio

Sirs:

WOW! A feature article on the Pittsburgh Steelers. I am too amazed and stunned to say anything but thanks.

DAVE (DUFFY) BARTO

Slovan, Pa.

Sirs:

Thank you for your excellent article on the Pittsburgh Steelers. I'm glad that somebody gave Pittsburgh credit for having a fine young team. The Steelers may not win it all this year, although I believe them to be the strongest team in their division. The big change in the squad is its capability to put more points on the board and make the big play, a trait that the Steelers haven't had in their 38-year history.

And speaking of the infamous past, the Steelers never before have had a coach as good as Chuck Noll, a quarterback as good as Terry Bradshaw, or a defensive tackle as good as Mean Joe Greene.

PETER D. LISMAN

Hillside, N.J.

### DIETZEL'S DEFENSE

Sirs:

Some of your recent editorial comments pertaining to the University of South Carolina and its withdrawal from the Atlantic Coast Conference are most puzzling. Just what is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trying to prove?

Our recent differences with the ACC go far beyond the matter of grade eligibility for athletes. That just became the major focal point. We are now an independent and very pleased to be a member-at-large of the NCAA. We are not bitter toward the ACC—we are simply no longer a member.

What we have done is to place ourselves on the same NCAA standards for awarding grants-in-aid as the overwhelming majority of institutions in the U.S. We *have not* lowered the academic standards of our fine institution in any way, and at no time have we expressed interest in lowering them. Surely, you must realize that more than 400 colleges and universities use the National Collegiate Athletic Association's tables for the granting of athletic grants-in-aid. As far as I know, the ACC is the only conference in the country that uses a minimum College Board score for scholarship.

The NCAA tables have been devised by college administrators and professors from a vast cross section of the U.S. to predict, on the basis of high school records, whether an athlete will achieve at least a 1.6 grade-point average as a college freshman. Here at South Carolina, however, he will have to maintain a 2.0 to stay in school. It is also interesting to note that of the 37 young freshmen to whom we have awarded grants-in-aid for the year 1971-72, all but four were completely qualified according to ACC standards. All 37 were qualified for entrance and for a scholarship according to the NCAA tables. South Carolina will continue to use the NCAA tables.

We have wonderful people here in South Carolina, and they are justly proud of their university. But they have been very disturbed to see their native sons continue to go to the Big Ten and other equally prominent schools using NCAA eligibility standards because they could not enter their own state university under the ACC entrance requirements. Herein lies the crux of the problem we faced as a member of the ACC. It is true, unfortunately, that some young men cannot qualify academically for any school. But if they can qualify for a scholarship to the overwhelming majority of institutions in America, why should they be denied admission to their own state school?

The citizens of South Carolina do not deserve the treatment they have received from you. And regardless of the thoughts expressed in your articles, my efforts and desires have been and always will be for the betterment of college athletics.

PAUL F. DIETZEL
Director of Athletics
University of South Carolina
Columbia, S.C.

*continued*

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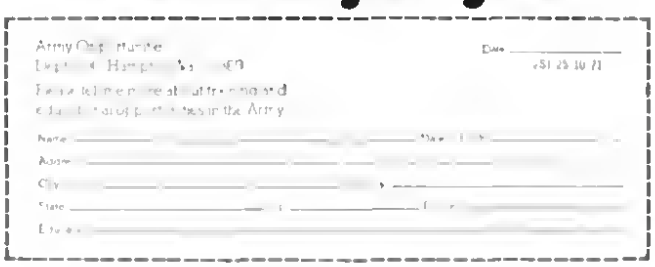
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### SONNY STRIKES OUT

Sirs,

My compliments on your fine article on Sonny Sixkiller (*The Magic Number Is Six-killer*, Oct. 4). I would be interested, however, in knowing the whereabouts of writer Roy Blount on Nov. 7 of last year. One thing I know for sure is that he was not one of 58,000 people sitting in Stanford stadium in Palo Alto, or one of numerous millions across the country who watched the Stanford-Washington game on television. When Mr. Blount states that "... he [Sixkiller] matched, or perhaps outdid, the passing of Jim Plunkett," he is in error. Plunkett's performance that day did much to earn him the Heisman Trophy. For the record, Plunkett completed 22 of 36 passes (61%) for 268 yards and four touchdowns. Sixkiller hit on 18 of 41 (44%) for 158 yards and one touchdown. While Sixkiller also ran for a touchdown, Plunkett had his fifth touchdown pass nullified because of a penalty. If you want to term these two performances as "matching," that is your business. You will never convince anyone who saw the game or who can count.

FRANK R. ATKINSON

San Francisco

Sirs:

Your writer talks about former Indian sports figures and says, "Indian Jack Jacobs ... is not widely remembered." Maybe not in the U.S., but he certainly is remembered in Canada. Indian Jack went to the Canadian Football League from the Green Bay Packers in the early 1950s and set Canadian football passing records. Jacobs played for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers from 1950 to 1955. When Winnipeg built its new football stadium in 1953 it was referred to as "the House that Jack Built."

Ask the young Canadian football fans in Winnipeg and they can tell you who Indian Jack Jacobs was even though he played 10 years before they were born.

SHELDON L. AROSOVITCH

Winnipeg

### SING BLUNDERS

Sirs:

It is no small wonder that Walter Bingham (*My Drive to Be a Champion*, Oct. 4) failed to improve his golf game. How can any human being, approaching the tee for his drive, think of all these tips: left arm straight, weight shifted left, and back toward the heels, right knee cocked, hips square to ball, bring club back without breaking wrists, pivot, coil; keep head still, come off left heel, keep right side rigid, swing through and out; relax grip.

God bless my golf instructor, the late Ernest Jones, winner of the Ben Hogan trophy in 1965. His credos were:

1. Use a firm grip, stressing the thumb

*continued*



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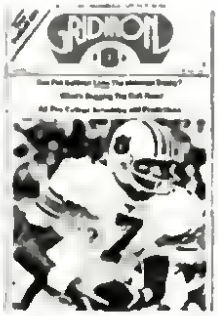



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PHILIP MARTIN

Brooklyn

**WHEN THE DEEP PURPLE FALLS**

Sirs:

In John Underwood's article *Purple People Eaters Eaten* (Oct. 4), he seems to think that the qualities of the Bears are reflected in their early unblemished 2-0 record. Anyone can clearly see that the Bears lucked out in their game against the Steelers (two key fumbles in the final four minutes of the game) and again against the Vikings. He states that "people have to wonder where the Bears came from and where they are going. . . ." Well, they came from the bottom and they are not going to go anywhere.

MARK BALAWEJDER

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I find it unbelievable that you could possibly run such an article. Coach Bud Grant and the Vikings are obviously a superior team that ran into a bunch of rowdy players for whom one game meant the whole season. That victory meant more to the Bears than the Super Bowl will mean to the Vikings this year. You'll see, though, that the Purple People Eaters will win everything.

CHARLES MCCAULEY

Milwaukee

Sirs:

The Vikings beat Detroit, and you mention not a word. The Vikings lose to a hard-playing Bears team in an upset, and you gloat. For shame.

KENNETH K. KAUFFMAN

Burnsville, Minn.

Sirs:

To what do sports fans owe John Underwood's gratuitous political insult of Birch Bayh in his article on the Bears?

JOHN E. BRADY

Seabrook, Md.

Sirs:

I think it is funny that the Minnesota Vikings only get in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED when they lose. The Vikings should have been on the cover of the pro football issue instead of the 49ers. They are the team you will see in the Super Bowl.

MARVIN CHESTNUT JR.

Galivants Ferry, S.C.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.




# have it your own way

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Come to where
the flavor is.
Kings: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's: 22 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70